VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF LA PEROUSE.

Continued from Page 167.

With an engraving of the DANCE *of the* WOMEN *of the* Friendly Iſlands, *in Preſence of Queen* Tiné.

CONTENTS.

Viſit from Tonga—Ladies' Dreſs—More Thefts—Art of Phyſic—Viſit to the Iſland of Tongataboo—Converſation with the Females—Arrival at Pangaïmotoo—Dance of the Women—Quarrel with the Natives—Hoſtages conveyed on Board the Recherche—General Remarks.

WE ſhall now relate, in our author's words, the reſult of their farther interviews with the natives of the Friendly iſlands.

'Pretty early the next morning, (April 2, 1793) we received a viſit from Tonga, who accompanied his father Toobou, the king's brother. They both took a great deal of trouble to explain to us all the dignities of their family.

'Tonga ſeveral times gave us proofs of great intelligence, in particular when we ſhowed him a chart of the Friendly iſlands conſtructed by captain Cook. He firſt glanced his eye rapidly over the archipelago; and then, ſtopping at Tongataboo, he obſerved to us, that ſeveral reefs of rocks had been laid down which did not exiſt; informing us that, to the northweſt we ſhould find a paſſage, through which we might eaſily carry our veſſels into the open ſea. This information was the more important to us, becauſe we had ſuppoſed, that we muſt get out of the road through the narrow channel by which we had entered; and in which we ſhould probably have had to work out againſt the prevailing winds, which would be extremely favourable to our paſſing out through the new channel. Tonga offered to ſhow it us, and would ſleep on board that night, to conduct to it citizen Beaupré, our engineer-geographer, who would aſcertain its poſition.

'On an excurſion we made into the country neareſt the anchoring place, we found among a groupe of the natives a young perſon, who had all the characteriſtics of an albino, and who was in other reſpects of a very ſickly complexion, as is commonly the caſe, for this deviation from nature is owing to a ſtate of diſeaſe.

'In the morning of the 3d, having ſurpriſed ſome of the natives, who were making off to the coaſt of Tongataboo with ſome articles, which they had juſt ſtolen from our ſhip, the commanding officer ſent ſome of our people in purſuit of them; when one of the party, who had cauſed himſelf to be announced as a chief, ſaid, that he would puniſh them himſelf, and would bring us the next day the things that had been ſtolen. But it appeared, that he was connected with the thieves, for he took care never to return on board again.

'When we went aſhore, Omalaï accompanied us, and admired the boat's rudder for a long time. He was deſirous of ſteering himſelf, and did ſo with great ſkill. Theſe people uſe nothing but paddles for ſteering their canoes.

The ladies, in dreſſing their hair, made uſe of cocoa-nut oil, previouſly perfumed with a ſmall ſeed, which they call *langa kali*, and which is gathered on the iſland of Tongataboo. On examining a little of the oil, we obſerved, that ſome of the bruiſed nut, which in their language is called *mou*, was mixed with it. They expoſed the nuts to the ſun, after having ſpread them on mats, in order to dry them, before they preſs out the oil, with which the women anoint the up-

per parts of the body, no doubt to preſerve the ſuppleneſs of the ſkin, and to prevent too copious perſpiration. They preſerve the oil in the ſeed-pod of the *melodinus ſcandens*, after having taken out the ſeed. When we bought ſome of theſe little phials, we frequently threw away the oil, leſt it ſhould run out in our pockets; but the women, ſeeing us with regret waſte an article which they much value, commonly came forward to receive it on their heads, and then, with their hands, they ſpread it over their ſhoulders and arms.

'The natives had already ſold us a great number of clubs of various forms, and faſhioned with ſkill, and we ſaw ſeveral who were employed in cutting out others with ſhark's teeth fixed at the extremity of a piece of wood. We were aſtoniſhed to ſee them cut with a chiſel like this the wood of the *caſuarina*, notwithſtanding its extreme hardneſs. Others already handled the iron tools they had obtained from us with conſiderable dexterity. All theſe workmen had a little bag of matting, containing pumice-ſtones, with which they poliſhed their work.

'I obſerved ſeveral cotton-plants of the ſpecies called *goſſipium religioſum*, growing in uncultivated places; and I ſaw, with ſurpriſe, that the fine cotton, which might be procured from it in abundance, was not uſed by the natives in any of their works.

'About nine in the evening we perceived a canoe cloſe by one of our buoys. Apprehenſive that the people in her would cut the buoy-rope, we ſent one of our boats in chace of her; but the boat had ſcarcely put off from the ſhip's ſide, when ſomebody was heard to fall into the water. Our men immediately haſtened to the perſon's aſſiſtance; when ſeeing him ſwim away, without ſpeaking a word, we had no doubt but it was a thief making off with his booty. He was purſued immediately, frequently eſcaped by diving, and was not taken at laſt till he had been wounded in the thigh with a boat-hook, which was employed to catch hold of him. As ſoon as he was brought on board, he was ſecured upon deck, where he remained all night. He confeſſed that, having taken ſeveral things out of our launch, he had conveyed them to the canoe, which was in waiting for them near our buoy, and had made off without delay. In half an hour afterward, we fancied we ſaw her ſlowly approaching our ſhip aſtern, in ſearch of the native whom we had ſeized. The men in our yawl immediately pulled away toward her, and when they came up with her, they found in her only one man and two paddles: but they ſoon diſcovered that ſhe had brought us another thief, who had roamed about the ſhip till the arrival of another canoe, that came to convey him aſhore. As ſoon as our people got ſight of her, they gave her chace, but the natives in her paddled away with ſuch ſpeed, that it was impoſſible to overtake them.

'At three o'clock in the morning of the 4th, citizen Beaupré returned with Tonga, after having examined the paſſage toward the north-weſt, of which Tonga had given us information. They had run along very cloſe to *Attata*, which they had left on the larboard, as they ſailed from our anchorage. *Kepa*, the chief of this little iſland, had come to meet them, and received them with great civility. In the morning he came to ſee us, and inquired after captain Cook, who, he told us, was his friend. On being informed of his death, he could not refrain from tears, and took out of his girdle a ſhark's tooth, with which he was a going to wound his cheeks, in order to expreſs the violence of his grief, if we had not prevented him.

'The art of phyſic is practiſed among thoſe people with a parade of myſtery. One of our crew, who had accompanied us along the beach, having hurt his wriſt by an exertion, a native offered to eaſe the pain, and ſucceeded pretty quickly by ſqueezing and preſſing the part injured, (en ma-

Dance at the Friendly Islands, in presence of Queen Tiné.

ſant la partie bleſſée) at the ſame time he blew upon it repeatedly, intending, no doubt, that we ſhould aſcribe the cure to his breath.

'On the ſea-ſide we ſaw ſeveral natives occupied in ſquaring ſome large ſtones of the calcareous kind, which, we were informed, were intended to be employed in burying a chief, who was related to Futtafaihe. They firſt removed the earth from them, and then ſeparated them by breaking them with a volcanic pebble, round which, near the middle, they took the precaution to wrap pieces of matting, to prevent the ſplinters from flying into their eyes. They were ſcarcely below the ſurface of the earth, and arranged in ſtrata about four inches thick.

'We had before obſerved among theſe people a game with the hands, which they call *léagui*, and which requires great attention. Two play at it, and it conſiſts in one's endeavouring inſtantly to repeat the ſigns made by the other, while the former makes ſigns in his turn, which the other is to repeat in like manner. We ſaw two in a party at no great diſtance from our market, who were ſo quick at this exerciſe, that our eyes were ſcarcely able to follow their motions.

'Citizen Legrand, who had been ſent the day before to diſcover ſome paſſages to leeward of our anchorage, returned in the evening, after having found two toward the north.

'Early in the morning of the 5th, I ſet off, with all the other naturaliſts of our expedition, for the iſland of Tongataboo. Some of the natives would carry us thither in their little canoes, but moſt of us, not being ſufficiently careful in preſerving our equilibrium, upſet them as ſoon as they put off. We then determined to go in their double canoes, which they managed very ſkilfully, and ſoon ſet us aſhore, making the paſſage under ſail. The maſt was ſet up in that canoe which was to leeward.

'We were obliged to get out of the canoes more than ſix hundred paces from the ſhore, on account of the ſhallowneſs of the water, through which the natives carried us on their backs. They then ſhowed us the dwelling of Toobou, the king's brother, where we ſtopped; and the gardener made him a preſent of ſeveral kinds of ſeeds, that were brought from Europe, chiefly of culinary vegetables, which the chief promiſed us to cultivate with care. We left him, to ſtrike into the woods, the ſoil of which was of a calcareous nature; and we obſerved in different places heaps of madrepores, which proved that the waters of the ſea had long covered the ground. On the trees we obſerved many large bats, of the ſpecies called *veſpertilio vampyrus* (the vampire bat) which the inhabitants told us were very good food.

'We were near the middle of the wood, when a native, who had crept behind one of our party, ſnatched out of his hands a pair of pincers, which he uſed for catching inſects. The thief inſtantly took to his heels; but he had ſcarcely run fourſcore paces, when finding himſelf briſkly and cloſely purſued, he placed himſelf behind a tree, round which he turned ſeveral times, to avoid being caught. Our companion, however, laid hold of his clothes, and fancied himſelf on the point of recovering his pincers, as he imagined he had the thief faſt: but what was his ſurpriſe, when the other looſened his girdle, and left his clothes behind him, to eſcape with the article he had ſtolen!

'We ſoon got into the fields, where we ſaw the property of each individual divided into ſmall enclofures, ſurrounded by paliſades, and completely cultivated. The Indian cole, *arum eſculentum*, grew there vigorouſly among many other vegetables, which I have already mentioned, and which equally with it are uſed as food by the natives. The ſugar-canes we ſaw there, were planted at a pretty conſiderable diſtance from each other, under the ſhade of the *inocarpus edulis*, the fruit of which theſe people roaſt and eat, its

flavour much reſembling that of the cheſtnut. In the ſame encloſure, we ſaw ſeveral of the orange-leaved Indian mulberry trees *(morinda citrifolia)* loaded with ripe fruit, which is much eſteemed by the natives. They brought us a great quantity of this fruit for a few days when we firſt anchored here, but we refuſed it on account of its inſipidity.

'After proceeding ſome way to the eaſtward, we ſtopped, to examine two little huts, erected in an encloſure of ſmall extent, and ſhadowed by ſome fine ſhaddock trees, loaded with fruit, and ſeveral *caſuarina* trees. Some natives informed us, that the remains of two chiefs of Toobou's family had been depoſited in them. We lifted up the mat, which cloſed the entrance of the larger. The ſurface of the ground within was covered with ſand, and toward the middle we obſerved an oblong ſquare, formed of ſmall pebbles of different colours. None of the natives who were with us, would gather any of the ſhaddocks, no doubt from reſpect to the dead, though we deſired to buy ſome of them. They ſaid that they could not ſell them to us.

'In a ſhort time we returned to the houſe of Toobou, to whom we made a complaint againſt the ſtealer of the pincers. He promiſed to return them to us the next day; and he kept his word. This chief preſſed us to ſpend the night in his habitation; but we would not accept his offer, leſt our abſence ſhould occaſion any uneaſineſs on board.

'Toobou treated us with fowls broiled on the coals; yams, plantains, and bread-fruit, roaſted under the aſhes; and the liquor of the cocoa-nut to drink.

'Three of the daughters of this chief came to keep us company. They talked a great deal; and though we were very hungry, they did not ſcruple to interrupt us frequently, by forcing us to anſwer their queſtions, which related chiefly to the cuſtoms of the French, particularly thoſe of the women. As they obſerved our ſeamen addreſs every one indiſcriminately, they enquired with earneſtneſs, whether the women were not *tabooed* in France; that is to ſay, whether they enjoyed the ſame liberty as moſt of thoſe in their iſland.

'The anſwer, by which we endeavoured to convey to them an idea of our cuſtoms, pleaſed them highly. They informed us, that the *eguis* (chiefs) of Tongataboo had ſeveral wives; and aſked how many wives a French *egui* uſually had. When they underſtood that each had but one, they burſt out into a laugh; and we had great trouble to perſuade them, that the *egui lai* (kings) of Europe, had no more, which gave them no very high idea of their power.

'Of all the articles with which we preſented the ladies, odoriferous waters were moſt eſteemed. They appeared to us as paſſionately fond of perfumes, as moſt of the inhabitants of warm climates: and yet their bodies were partly beſmeared with cocoa-nut oil, which diffuſed a diſagreeable odour.

'One of the fineſt girls in this party having the little finger of the left hand wrapped round with a piece of ſtuff of the paper mulberry, which appeared bloody, we begged to ſee the wound. Another immediately took down from the roof, under which we ſat, a piece of a plantain leaf, out of which ſhe drew the firſt two joints of the little finger of the young girl, who had them very lately cut off, in order to cure her, as ſhe told us, of a ſevere diſeaſe. She ſhowed us the hatchet, made of a volcanic ſtone, which had been uſed for the operation; and informed us, that the edge had firſt been placed at the extremity of the third phalanx of the finger, and then the operator ſtruck a ſmart blow on the head of this hatchet with the handle of another.

'This young perſon ſoon left us; but, before ſhe went away, ſhe kiſſed Toobou's daughters after the manner of the inhabitants of the Friendly Iſlands, which is by touching with

the tip of the noſe the noſe of the perſon you ſalute. It is remarkable, that theſe iſlanders, who pretty much reſemble Europeans, have, notwithſtanding, the extremity of the noſe a little flattened: this ſlight deformity may very probably be owing to the cuſtom, of which I have juſt ſpoken.

'Toobou's daughters changed names with us; an eſtabliſhed cuſtom among theſe people, to teſtify their affection. They then played a very monotonous duet on flutes made of bamboo: but we were much amuſed at ſeeing them blow with the noſe into a hole at the extremity of the inſtrument, in order to make it ſound. We received from them as a preſent ſome combs of a very elegant ſhape.

'The natives, who formed a circle round us, having ſtolen ſeveral of our things, we complained of it to Toobou's daughters, who ſoon after left us without ſaying a word, probably to go in ſearch of their father, and requeſt him to come and put an end to theſe pilferings; but, as we could not wait till their return, we ſoon began to walk toward the iſland of Pangaïmotoo. The tide being very low, we eaſily paſſed over the ſhoals, which connect the iſlets with the principal iſland. We ſtopped about half way at a hut, where we were witneſſes of the manner, in which a woman was eating her meal, that appeared to us laughable enough. Sitting near a poſt, and motionleſs as a ſtatue, ſhe opened her mouth from time to time, to receive morſels of bread-fruit, which another woman put into it. We were informed, that it was not allowable for her to touch any kind of food with her own hands, becauſe a few days before ſhe had waſhed the body of a deceaſed chief.

'When we arrived at Pangaïmotoo, queen Tiné, ſitting under a ſhed covered with cocoa-leaves, and erected under the ſhade of ſeveral fine bread-fruit trees, was giving an entertainment to general Dentrecaſteaux. She firſt ordered ſome young perſons of her attendants to dance, which they did with infinite graceſulneſs, ſinging at the ſame time, while Futtafaihe, who was ſtanding, directed their movements, and animated them by his voice and geſtures.

'After this we had a grand concert, which differed little from that the king had given us a few days before, only on the preſent occaſion the expreſſion of joy was much more lively.

'The queen was ſurrounded by women, while a great number of men kept at a little diſtance oppoſite to her, forming a circle round the muſicians.

'When the women had ceaſed dancing, ſeveral men roſe up, each holding in his hand a little club, nearly of the ſhape of a paddle. Theſe they brandiſhed about, keeping time with much preciſion, and making different movements with their feet. The muſicians, after they had ſung ſome tunes in very ſlow time, ſung often very quick, which gave this ſort of pyrrhic dance a very animated action, that we admired for a long while. The ſubject of this dance excited our curioſity; but we ſoon found, that its object was to celebrate the great deeds of ſome of their warriors. The women occaſionally united their voices with thoſe of the men, accompanying their ſong with very graceful movements.

'One of the armourers of the Eſperance was much ſurpriſed to ſee among theſe dancers, and not far from Futtafaihe, the native who had ſtolen his ſabre; this chief having always aſſured us that he could never find out the thief. It appeared to us, however, that it was one of his attendants: but he retired with precipitation as ſoon as he perceived that he was known.

'During this time a pyramid of bamboos had been erected, to which were ſuſpended different fruits, deſigned as a preſent to the general from queen Tiné.

We expreſſed a ſtrong deſire to ſee ſome of the natives engage in a wreſtling match; but we were told that a

ſpectacle of this ſort was never exhibited before the queen.

'This entertainment had attracted a great number of the natives, among whom were ſeveral thieves, whoſe impudence was continually increaſing. They had already taken ſeveral articles from ſome or other of us by open force, and run off with them into the woods.

'More than thirty of us were aſſembled together, and we were quenching our thirſt with the delicious liquor of the cocoa-nuts, which Tiné had juſt preſentrd to the general, when a native had the audacity to ſnatch a knife out of one of our hands. Indignant at ſuch effrontery, ſeveral of our party immediately ran after the thief, and purſued him as far as the iſland of Tongataboo; but, finding themſelves ſurrounded by a great number of the natives, they preſently returned toward our anchoring place. The ſmith of the Recherche, however, a German by birth, thought it was proper to ſhow more courage than the reſt, by venturing farther and farther among the natives. Theſe ſoon faced about, purſued him in their turn, as ſoon as they found him inclined to make off, and even attempted to ſtrike him with their clubs: but he kept them at bay a long time, by preſenting to the moſt forward a bad piſtol, which he ſeveral times attempted to fire. Being now about ſeven hundred yards only from our ſhips, he fancied himſelf ſecure from any attempt on their part, when one of them laid open his ſkull with a club, and another threw a ſpear at his back. A great number of them fell upon him, and continued their blows till they thought he was dead. One of them tried repeatedly to ſhoot him with his own piſtol, which they had ſeized, but fortunately the priming was gone. They were already dividing his clothes, when they were obſerved from the Eſperance, and a cannon was immediately fired, the ball of which paſſed very near the aſſaſſins, and quickly diſperſed them. We ran from all quarters to the aſſiſtance of the unfortunate ſmith. One of the crew, having come along the beach to his ſuccour, was attacked by a native, who knocked out two of his teeth with his club; but the aſſault coſt him his life, for he was inſtantly ſhot dead. Our ſmith was ſoon raiſed from the ground, and, though his head was laid open at the left frontal ſinus to a conſiderable extent, and he had other very dangerous wounds, he had ſtill ſufficient courage to walk to the boat, ſupported only by the arms.

'A few guns loaded with langrage were fired, to protect ſuch of us as were on ſhore. The natives fled on all ſides, and collected in very numerous bodies in different parts of the iſland: and, to endeavour to diſperſe them, and to bring off thoſe of our people, who were ſtill in the interior of the iſland, a detachment was ſent on ſhore well armed.

'Several chiefs, aſſembled cloſe by our market with ſome of us, were riſing to depart; but they yielded to our invitation not to quit the place.

'Preſently we ſaw a launch manned and armed coming from the Eſperance, under the command of Trobriant, her firſt lieutenant. Knowing very little of the occaſion of the alarm, and ſuppoſing that all the natives were preparing to fall upon us, he ordered his party to ſeize upon a double canoe, juſt as ſhe was coming to the ſhore, totally ignorant of all that had paſſed. Moſt of the natives in her immediately leaped into the ſea; but the chief, to whom ſhe belonged, remaining on the deck, Trobriant ſent one of the crew to ſeize him. On his attempting to ſtrike the chief with a club the chief diſarmed him; they laid hold of each other; and Trobriant thought proper to fire on the chief, whom he ſhot dead. We were all extremely grieved at this misfortune.

'Another native, witneſſing what paſſed, leaped from the canoe's maſt-head into the ſea, not daring to come down upon deck: and immediately a

negro, whom we had taken on board at Amboyna, purſued him with a pike, which he had in his hand, but fortunately could not overtake him.

'The rage of theſe barbarians was not yet appeaſed. A marine, by birth a German, whom likewiſe we ſhipped at Amboyna, perceiving the daughter of the unfortunate chief, who had concealed herſelf in the bottom of the canoe, had already raiſed his ſabre to run her through, when a gunner belonging to the Recherche, citizen Avignon, caught hold of the madman's arm. He then threw himſelf between him and the poor girl, whoſe mother ſoon gained the ſhore, diſtracted at the death of her huſband. The daughter, too, wept bitterly for the loſs of her father, and we ſaw her beating herſelf violently with the fiſt on the cheeks and breaſt.

'We detained as hoſtages the ſon of the king, and *Titifa*, chief of the iſland of Pangaïmotoo: but we all remarked with ſorrow, the dejection into which this confinement threw the king's ſon, whom we had often ſeen iſſue his commands with ſuch haughtineſs to the ſubjects of his father. He frequently repeated that he was our friend, and that he could wiſh to accompany us to France. Titifa, on the contrary, expreſſed not the leaſt fear.

'Theſe two chiefs ſpent the night in the great cabin of the Recherche. Each had brought with him a wooden pillow, on which, after lying down, they laid the back part of their head, according to the cuſtom of theſe people, which is no doubt the cauſe of the very perceptible flattening obſerved in that part.

'During the night we ſaw a greater number of fires on the north coaſt of Tongataboo, than we had ever perceived before.

'The next morning at day-break we were awakened by the piercing cries of two women, who were making their lamentations, as they went round our ſhip in their canoe. They cried alternately one after the other, no doubt that their voices might be diſtinguiſhed by Titifa, who knew them immediately. Theſe women were his wife and daughter, who, in their grief, beat their cheeks and breaſt with their fiſts. He immediately ran upon deck, but could not quiet their alarm, till he had given them an account of the good treatment he had received on board: and when he told them that he ſhould ſoon return on ſhore, they were tranſported with joy. A ſhort time after he and king Toobou's ſon were both ſent aſhore in our barge, to the iſland of Pangaïmotoo. The wife and daughter of Titifa followed us in their canoe, when, as they were paſſing cloſe by the Eſperance, a blunderbuſs went off by accident, and hit their canoe, which they were obliged to quit, as in conſequence ſhe preſently filled. We took them into our boat, and expreſſed our great ſorrow at this miſchance; but they ſoon forgot the danger they had run, for they were with Titifa, and thought of nothing more but the pleaſure of ſeeing him ſet at liberty. We made them a preſent of a few articles of hardware, among which a hatchet gave them great ſatisfaction. Titifa told us, he ſhould employ this in conſtructing another canoe, ſo that he ſhould ſoon repair the loſs he had juſt experienced.

'When we landed, moſt of the natives retired from the ſhore, and were proceeding into the interior part of the iſland: but Titifa deſired them to return, and ordered them to range themſelves in a circle, which they immediately did. Our trade then recommenced with the greateſt order imaginable. This chief would not quit us the whole time; but Toobou's ſon diſappeared as ſoon as he ſet his foot on ſhore.

'The chief, who had been killed the day before by Trobriant, appeared to be greatly loved by the natives, for ſeveral diſplayed much ſenſibility in lamenting his death.

'For fear they ſhould endeavour to make repriſals on us, the general or-

dered every perſon belonging to our ſhips, to remain within the place where the trade was carried on.

'Our ſhips were ſufficiently ſtocked with all ſuch proviſion as theſe people could furniſh. As we had now nothing more to apprehend from the conſequences of competition, ſome articles of hardware were diſtributed among the crew, that they might procure a few things for themſelves. On this the natives raiſed their demands for their goods to a very high price, frequently aſking ten times as much as before they had been contented to take.'

Theſe accounts are concluded by the following remarks.

'Our ſtay at the Friendly Iſlands contributed greatly to reſtore the health of our crew. We found there plenty of vegetables, and laid in a great ſtock. The pork was excellent, which muſt be attributed in part to the good quality of the roots and fruits with which the natives feed their hogs. We took on board as many as our ſtye would contain; and we were convinced, in the ſequel, that they could bear a long voyage, though captain Cook informs us that he experienced the contrary with reſpect to thoſe which he procured at the Friendly Iſlands in the different viſits he paid them. We purchaſed upward of four hundred while we lay at anchor, the greater part of which we ſalted. We adopted the proceſs recommended by Cook in his third voyage, which conſiſts in uſing a ſtrong brine, with a ſufficient quantity of vinegar to diſſolve the ſalt. This we could do the more eaſily, as a great part of our wine was turned ſour.

'A ſmall quantity of pork was ſalted by our butcher with ſalt alone; and though under the torrid zone, it kept as well as what we prepared after Cook's manner, and taſted even better. The fat preſerved in the brine made with vinegar was diſguſting on account of its extreme ſoftneſs, and it had a very ſtrong taſte of the vinegar, which no one liked.

'Our coops were filled with fowls.

'From the accounts given us of the ſhips that had anchored in this archipelago, by very intelligent natives, we were convinced that La Pérouſe had never put in to any of theſe iſlands. Beſides, they aſſured us, that no accident had happened to any veſſel that had ſtopped at them, except to Bligh's launch; the affair of which they related without diſguiſe, as I have mentioned above. The indifference with which they told us this ſtory, convinced us, that if theſe people be not naturally ferocious, they are at leaſt ſtrangers to ſentiments of humanity. The blows with clubs, or logs of wood, with which the chiefs uſually accompany their orders, are an additional proof of this. They well remembered the differed periods at which they had ſeen captain Cook; and, to acquaint us with the intervals, they reckoned them by harveſts of yams, giving two of theſe to each year. Several of the natives, particularly thoſe of the royal family, pronounced the name of Cook with enthuſiaſm: but the great ſeverity of that celebrated navigator had prevented many others from bearing him in memory with equal pleaſure; they ſpoke of him only with complaints of the rigorous treatment they had experienced at his hands. In fact, though in his laſt voyage he ſpeaks only of one man wounded by a ball in the thigh, we ſaw another who had been ſhot through the ſhoulder *; and he aſſured us that he had received this wound during Cook's laſt viſit to Tongataboo.

'The natives of the Friendly Iſlands are in general tall and well made; for which they are principally indebted, no doubt, to the abundance and

* In the account of Cook's laſt voyage, now before me, it is expreſsly ſaid, that the man was ſhot through the ſhoulder, the ball having entered a little above the inner part of the collar bone, and paſſed out obliquely backward. How Labillardiere was led into this miſtake, I cannot ſay.—*Tranſlator.*

good quality of their food. The fine ſhape of theſe people is not degraded by exceſſive toil. Their muſcles being ſtrongly marked, we preſumed they muſt have great ſtrength; but the idle life they lead renders them very little capable of great exertion: accordingly, when they tried their ſtrength againſt our ſailors, they were almoſt always worſted.

'The men, as well as the women, are accuſtomed to cut off one or two joints of the little finger, and ſometimes of the finger next to it, in the hope of obtaining a cure from ſevere diſeaſes.

'Moſt of them are tatooed on all parts of the body. We ſaw a great number, whoſe ſkin was covered with a ſcurfy eruption; which perhaps is owing to their not being accuſtomed to wipe themſelves, or waſh themſelves with freſh water, after having been into the ſea.

'The ſkin of the people of the Friendly Iſlands is tawny, becauſe they frequently expoſe themſelves to the heat of the ſun; but the women, who remain pretty conſtantly within doors, or in the ſhade of their trees, have very fair complexions. The countenances of the women are in general very pleaſing, and highly animated; and the good ſtate of health they enjoy is particularly owing to their extreme cleanlineſs, and the good quality of their diet.

[To be continued.]

A VISION.

THE buſineſs of the day was paſs'd, and night invited me to reſt. I ſought my pillow, and ſleep ſoon came upon me. When lo! methought I was tranſported by an inviſible power to an extenſive plain. I looked around me, and beheld at ſome diſtance a ſpacious city. I haſten'd on, in hopes of reaching it before ſunſet. I ſaw no human being, nor met a living creature, till I approach'd near to the city, when I ſaw coming toward me a poor decrepid old man. I advanced to meet him. At firſt ſight he mov'd me with compaſſion; for his garments told me he was poor, and his countenance he was in miſery. His beard that fell upon his boſom was white as ſnow. He was bent down with years, and was ſtooping toward the grave. He had a ſtaff in his hand, that ſupported him from falling. As he came nigh me, he dropped a tear, and weeping ſeemed familiar to him. He put forth his hand, and aſked for charity. I ſtarted involuntarily, to think that one ſo old, and ſo infirm, ſhould want for bread. I aſked him how old he was; he anſwered me, though feebly, that he had ſeen fourſcore years and ten. There was a ſomething in his countenance that told me he had ſeen better days. I aſked him, if he had always been accuſtomed to beg his bread. Alas! no, replied he, misfortune has driven me to it. I intreated him, if not too painful, to give me a recital of his misfortunes. After ſhedding a flood of tears, he began, and related a ſtory ſo ſad, and ſo pathetic, that he melted me to pity. He told me how he once was proſperous and happy, how he once had a wife, children, and a comfortable home, but that perfidy had ſeduced from him the wife of his affection, and his country ſentenced his children to death, becauſe they were ſuſpected of treaſon. 'Alas! ſaid he, how could they be guilty of treaſon to their country, who had ſpilt their deareſt blood in her defence. Ungrateful country! Unfeeling barbarity!' Here he ſtopped, for his feelings denied him utterance. At length he proceeded, in telling me, how all his poſſeſſions were taken from him, and become the property of the firſt uſurper. 'Think, concluded he, how painful a ſight it was for me, to behold mine enemies reaping the fruit that I had ſown, to behold myſelf driven from ſociety, treated with ridicule and contempt, by

thoſe too who profeſſed themſelves my friends, but thoſe profeſſions were made in the ſunſhine of proſperity. And all, becauſe my poor unhappy children were executed for treaſon. Indeed they were innocent, indeed they were. I was refuſed too the benefit of public charity, and the liberty of ſeeking aſſiſtance elſewhere. Lately indeed, I have had leave to depart to another country, but alas! my limbs are grown too old and feeble to bear me hence. Here have I lived with ſorrow many a cold inhoſpitable winter, a little ſhed allotted for my dwelling, and a bundle of ſtraw for my pillow. Old age brings on daily freſh infirmities and ſeverer ſufferings. But they are welcome, becauſe they ſpeak a nearer end to my ſorrows. It is many years ſince I have been able to work for my ſupport, and ſince that time I have endured the ſharpeſt afflictions. Scanty and precarious is private benevolence, and often has the ſun riſen in the eaſt, and ſet in the weſt, and I have wanted bread to eat. Think then how deſirable an event death will be to me, how happy a releaſe from this pilgrimage of miſery. But I have hope in heaven, and bear with it all.' What? cried I, and are there none, in yonder ſpacious city, who will give you a ſhelter in your old age? None, none, ſaid he. Ungrateful inhabitants! added I, who deſtroy the ſons that fight your battles, and tread the father's grey hairs in the duſt! Vengeance ſurely will ſhoot her arrows at you, and happy he! who ſhall lay your palaces with the ground, and fill your habitations with blood. Indignation agitated my boſom, as I ſpoke, and I could at that moment have ſacrificed thouſands, for the poor old man's ſake. He looked at me, and ſeemed pleaſed with my indignation. 'Ah! cried he, were there one like you in this city, I ſhould not want ſupport.' He wiped away a tear, as he ſpoke; it was the tear of gratitude. Long was it, ſince he had heard the voice of pity. He then claſped his hands, and raiſed his eyes to heaven. He uttered a ſhort prayer, and wept. Alas! there was a ſomething ſo affecting in his manner, and ſo piteous in his voice, that I could not but weep too. He caſt a look toward me. Oh heavens! what a look! I could no longer reſiſt. I pulled a banknote from my pocket, and gave it him. 'Heaven bleſs you, heaven bleſs you,' he cried. I hurried away from him, for I could not contain my feelings. Having advanced a little way, I turned back to look at him. He was caſting his eyes now upon the bank, and now upon me. Again I advanced, and again I turned. He was now upon his knees, and ſeemed to be uttering a prayer for me. Poor fellow! thought I, bitter indeed is thy cup on earth, ſurely thy drink will be ſweet in heaven. Yes, cried a voice, and thine will be ſweet too; for thou haſt relieved a fellow creature from his diſtreſs, and eaſed him of the burden of his ſorrow. I turned to look, whence the voice proceeded, and I ſaw a form, like an angel of God, aſcending into heaven. I rejoiced, and was breaking forth into ſongs of praiſe, when I awoke, and grieved I was to find it but a dream.

JUVENIS.

BIOGRAPHICAL REGISTER *of eminent* PERSONS *deceaſed in* 1799.

Concluded from Page 186.

JOSIAH TUCKER, D. D.

FAMILIARLY and uſually known by the name of dean Tucker. This venerable character was born at Laugharn, in Caermarthenſhire, in the year 1712. His father was a farmer, and having a ſmall eſtate left him near Aberyſtwith, in Cardiganſhire, he removed thither; and perceiving that his ſon had a turn for learning, he ſent him to Ruthin ſchool in Denbighſhire, where he made ſo reſpectable a progreſs in the claſſics,

that he obtained an exhibition at St. John's college, Oxford.

The journey from his native place to the univerſity was long, and at that time very tedious, on account of the badneſs of the roads. Our young ſtudent for ſome time travelled on foot. At laſt, old Mr. Tucker feeling for his ſon's reputation, as well as for his eaſe, gave him his own horſe. But upon his return, young Joſiah, with true filial affection, conſidered that it was better for him to walk to Oxford, than for his father to repair on foot to the neighbouring markets and fairs, which had been, in fact, the caſe, owing to this new regulation. The horſe was accordingly returned; and our ſtudent, for the remainder of the time he continued at the univerſity, actually trudged backward and forward, with his baggage at his back.

At the age of twenty-three, he entered into holy orders, and ſerved a curacy for ſome time in Glouceſterſhire. About 1737, he became curate of St. Stephen's church, in Briſtol, and was appointed minor canon in the cathedral of that city. Here he attracted the notice of that profound divine, Dr. Joſeph Butler, then biſhop of Briſtol, and afterward of Durham. In conſequence of this, the biſhop appointed Mr. Tucker his domeſtic chaplain, and honoured him with peculiar marks of eſteem and intimacy. By his intereſt, Mr. Tucker obtained a prebendal ſtall in the cathedral of Briſtol; and on the death of the pious and ingenious Mr. Calcott, well known by his treatiſe on the Deluge, and a volume of excellent ſermons, he became rector of St. Stephen. The inhabitants of that pariſh conſiſt chiefly of merchants and tradeſmen, a circumſtance which greatly aided his natural inclination for commercial and political ſtudies.

In 1745, he preached an excellent ſermon before the governors of a very laudable inſtitution, then firſt erected in the city of Briſtol. In this diſcourſe, the preacher took a courſe which has rarely been purſued: inſtead of dwelling upon the benevolent tendency of thoſe eſtabliſhments, he conſidered them 'as ſo many reformatories, or ſchools, erected for the revival and propagation of morality and religion, and as means which may conduce toward a national reformation in the common people.'

When the famous bill was brought into the houſe of commons for the naturalization of the Jews, Mr. Tucker took a decided part in its favour, and was indeed its moſt able advocate. In 1755, he publiſhed an able pamphlet on the Turkey trade, in which he demonſtrates the evils that reſult to trade in general from chartered companies. At this period, lord Clare, afterward earl of Nugent, was returned to parliament for Briſtol, which honour he obtained chiefly through the ſtrenuous exertions of Mr. Tucker, whoſe influence in his large and wealthy pariſh was almoſt deciſive on ſuch an occaſion. In return for this favour, the earl procured for him the deanery of Glouceſter, in 1758, at which time he took his degree of doctor in divinity.

So great was his reputation for commercial knowledge, which, to a nation ſituate like ours, is of the firſt importance, that Dr. Thomas Hayter, afterward biſhop of London, who was then tutor to his preſent majeſty, applied to Dr. Tucker, to draw up a diſſertation on this ſubject for the peruſal of his royal pupil. It was accordingly done, and gave great ſatisfaction. This work, under the title of 'Elements of Commerce,' was printed in quarto, but never publiſhed.

Dr. Warburton, however, who after having been member of the ſame chapter with the dean, at Briſtol, became biſhop of Glouceſter, thought very differently from the reſt of mankind, in reſpect to his talents, and favourite purſuits, and ſaid once that 'the dean's trade was religion, and religion his trade.'—The dean, on being once aſked concerning the coolneſs which conſiſted between him and Warburton, his anſwer was to the fol-

lowing effect, 'The biſhop affects to conſider me with contempt; to which I ſay nothing. He has ſometimes ſpoken coarſely of me; to which I replied nothing. He has ſaid that religion is my trade, and trade is my religion. Commerce, and its connexions have, it is true, been favourite objects of my attention, and where is the crime? And as for religion, I have attended carefully to the duties of my pariſh: nor have I neglected my cathedral. The world knows ſomething of me as a writer on religious ſubjects; and I will add, which the world does not know, that I have written near three hundred ſermons, and preached them all, again and again. My heart is at eaſe on that ſcore, and my conſcience, thank God, does not accuſe me.' The fact is, that although there is no poſſible connection between the buſineſs of commerce, and the duties of a clergyman, he had ſtudied theology in all its branches ſcientifically, conſidered it profeſſionally, and applied it practically. His various publications on moral and religious ſubjects ſhow him to be deeply verſed in theology.

In the year 1771, when a ſtrong attempt was made to procure an abolition of ſubſcription to the thirty-nine articles, Dr. Tucker came forward as an able advocate of the church of England, yet admitted that ſome reformation of the liturgy was wanted, and inſtanced particularly the Athanaſian creed, which he conſidered as too ſcholaſtic and refined, for a popular confeſſion of faith.—About this time he publiſhed, 'Directions for Travellers,' in which he lays down excellent rules, by which gentlemen who viſit foreign countries may not only improve their own minds, but turn their obſervations to the benefit of their native country. This has become extremely ſcarce, but there is a part of it reprinted in Berchtold's 'Eſſay to direct the Inquiries of Travellers,' an excellent work publiſhed in two vol. 1789.

In 1772, the dean printed a ſmall volume of ſermons, in which he explains the doctrines of *election* and *juſtification*, upon ſcriptural grounds, in oppoſition to what has been called the evangelical ſyſtem of faith. At that time a very violent diſpute was carried on between the Calviniſtic and the Arminian methodiſts, the former headed by meſſrs. Toplady and Hill, and the latter by the meſſrs. Weſleys and Fletcher.—The year following he publiſhed 'Letters to the Rev. Dr. Kippis, wherein the claim of the church of England to an authority in matters of faith, and to a power of decreeing rites and ceremonies, is diſcuſſed and aſcertained,' &c.

When the diſpute aroſe between Great Britain and the American colonies, the dean was an attentive obſerver of the conteſt, examining the affair with a very different eye from that of a party-man, or an intereſted merchant, and diſcovered, as he conceived, that both ſides would be better off by an abſolute ſeparation. The more he thought on this ſubject, the more he was perſuaded that extenſive colonies were an evil, rather than a benefit to any commercial nation. On this principle, therefore, he publiſhed his 'Thoughts upon the Diſpute between the Mother Country and America.' He demonſtrated, that the latter could not be conquered, and that, if it could, the purchaſe would be dearly bought. He warned this country againſt commencing a war with the colonies, and adviſed that they ſhould be left to themſelves. This advice ſtartled all parties, and by all the dean was conſidered as a ſort of madman, who had rambled out of the proper line of his profeſſion to commence political quack. Our author, however, went on vindicating and enforcing his favourite ſyſtem, in ſpite of all the obloquy with which it was treated both in the ſenate and from the preſs. As the war proceeded, ſome intelligent perſons began to ſee more truth and reaſon in his ſentiments, and time has at laſt demonſtrated that he was right. He printed

ſeveral eſſays in the newſpapers under the title of Caſſandra.

When the terrors of an invaſion were very prevalent in 1779, the dean circulated, in a variety of periodical publications, ſome of the moſt ſenſible obſervations that were ever made on the ſubject, in order to quiet the fears of the people. He ſtates at length, and with great accuracy, the numerous difficulties that muſt attend the attempt to invade this country, and the ſtill greater ones that muſt be encountered by the invaders after their landing. Thoſe obſervations have been reprinted, with good effect, in the courſe of the preſent war.

In 1781, he publiſhed, what he had printed long before, 'A Treatiſe on Civil Government,' in which his principal deſign is to counteract the doctrines of the celebrated Mr. Locke, and his followers. This book made a conſiderable noiſe, and was attacked by ſeveral of the beſt writers on the democratic ſide of the queſtion. The year following he cloſed his political career with a pamphlet entitled *Cui Bono?* in which he balances the profits and loſs of each of the belligerent powers, and recapitulates all his former poſitions on the ſubject of war and colonial poſſeſſions. His publications ſince that period have conſiſted of ſome tracts on the commercial regulations of Ireland, on the exportation of woollens, and on the iron trade.

In 1777, he publiſhed ſeventeen practical ſermons, in one vol. octavo. After he reſigned his rectory in Briſtol, he reſided moſtly in Glouceſter, where, in 1781, he married a Mrs. Crowe, of that city. He died of the gradual decays of age, November 4, 1799.

Dr. Withering.

Dr. William Withering was born in the year 1741. His father was a reſpectable apothecary at Willington, in Shropſhire. After going through the common grammatical education, and being initiated in the knowledge of pharmacy and medicine under his father, he was ſent to the univerſity of Edinburgh, where he ſtudied the uſual time, and then took the degree of M. D. in the year 1766. Not long after he left the univerſity he ſettled at Stafford, where he married miſs Cocks, the daughter of an attorney of that place. Here he met with little encouragement; and therefore removed from hence in 1774, to Birmingham, where a vacancy had taken place in the medical profeſſion by the death of Dr. Small. Here his abilities were ſoon called into action; and a few years afterward, when the late Dr. Aſh's health became impaired, his practice became exceedingly great. Little qualified, either by conſtitution of body or turn of mind, for general and ſocial intercourſe with the world, Dr. Withering devoted thoſe hours, which remained after the buſineſs of the day was over, to philoſophical and ſcientific purſuits.

In the year 1776, he publiſhed, in two volumes octavo, the firſt edition of his 'Botanical Arrangement;' a work which, at that time, could be little more than a mere tranſlation from Linneus of ſuch genera and ſpecies of plants as are indigenous in Great Britain; but in the courſe of the two other editions of it (the laſt of which in four vol. octavo, was publiſhed in 1796) this 'Arrangement,' has been ſo much improved and enlarged, as to have become, in a great meaſure, an original work; and certainly, as a National Flora, it muſt be allowed to be the moſt elaborate and complete performance that any country can boaſt of.

Botany, however, did not engroſs all our author's attention; many of his leiſure hours he devoted to chymiſtry and mineralogy. In 1783, he publiſhed 'Outlines of Mineralogy,' a tranſlation from Bergman; and before and ſince that time, he addreſſed ſeveral communications on chymiſtry and mineralogy to the Royal Society, of which he was a fellow. But amid theſe diverſified purſuits he did not relax in his profeſſional ſtudies. In

1779, he publiſhed an account of the Scarlet fever and Sore throat.

In 1783, appeared his account of the Fox-glove; wherein he laid before the public a very ſatisfactory body of evidence, in favour of the virtues of this vegetable in various kinds of dropſies. Although he was not the diſcoverer of this powerful remedy, yet he is entitled to the praiſe of being the firſt, who taught the faculty how to prepare and manage its doſes, ſo as to adminiſter it with ſafety, and generally with ſucceſs.

From early life, Dr. Withering was of a ſlender and delicate habit of body; and not long after his firſt eſtabliſhment in practice, he became ſubject to attacks of peripneumony. By theſe repeated attacks his lungs were at length ſo much injured, and his whole frame ſo much debilitated, that he found it neceſſary to repair to a warmer climate. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1793, he made a voyage to Liſbon, where he paſſed the winter, returning to England the following ſpring. Thinking he had received benefit from the climate of Portugal, he made a ſecond voyage to Liſbon the following winter, and returned home again in 1795. While he was in Portugal, he analyzed the hot mineral waters, called the Coldas. This Analyſis was publiſhed in the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Liſbon: and ſince, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions of the Royal Society in London.

After his return from his laſt voyage to Liſbon, his health continued to decay, and the world was deprived of his uſeful labours, October 6, 1799.

Dr. Black.

Joseph Black, M. D. and profeſſor of chymiſtry in the univerſity of Edinburgh, was, by birth, a native of France, but from his long reſidence in Scotland, has been, and will probably continue to be, ranked among the moſt eminent natural philoſophers, and moſt illuſtrious literati of North Britain. He was born about the year 1738, at Bourdeaux, and after paſſing through the uſual elementary parts of education, entered as a ſtudent of medicine at Edinburgh: he graduated here in 1754, and was ſoon after appointed profeſſor of chymiſtry in the univerſity of Glaſgow. On a ſimilar vacancy in Edinburgh, by Dr. Cullen's reſignation of the chymical chair in 1764, Dr. Black was appointed his ſucceſſor: here he continued giving lectures to crowded claſſes till his declining health obliged him, a few years ago, to reſign the fatigue of lecturing to Dr. Hope. By judicious management of his conſtitution, his health became gradually ſo far improved, eſpecially during the ſummer of laſt year, as to afford his friends and himſelf a reaſonable expectation of a few years more of comfort and uſefulneſs. He died, however, ſuddenly, on the 31ſt of December 1799, leaving behind him a reputation inferior, perhaps, to none of his predeceſſors in the important and intereſting department of philoſophical chymiſtry.

Dr. Black's firſt publication was his inaugural Diſſertation on Acidity and Magneſia, 1754. In this he gave promiſe of that excellence which appeared ſo conſpicuous in a diſſertation of his publiſhed the ſucceeding year, in the Phyſical and Literary Eſſays, on the ſubject of Magneſia, Quicklime, and other Alkaline Earths. To Dr. Black alſo, in conjunction with Dr. Irvine, we owe the beautiful theory of latent heat, which has ſince been further illuſtrated by Crawford and Laplace. He firſt taught, that a ſubſtance, in changing its form of exiſtence from the ſolid to the liquid, had its *capacity* for heat enlarged, and, in conſequence, actually abſorbed a great quantity of heat from all ſurrounding bodies, without increaſing its own thermometric temperature; and that when this gas returned through the liquid to the ſolid form, it gave out in a ſtate of activity the whole of that heat which, while latent, maintained it as a liquid or gas.

Beſide the two diſſertations abovementioned, Dr. Black publiſhed no-

thing under his own name, except ſome experiments on the freezing of water, in the London Philoſophical Tranſactions for 1776. It was not, however, through the medium of the preſs, but in the lecture-room, that Dr. Black delighted to unfold his copious ſtores of information; here he was in his proper element, and the eaſy ſimplicity of his manner, his luminous arrangements, and the exquiſite accuracy of his experiments, will never be forgotten. He had long adopted the ſyſtem of Stahl, and was a ſtrenuous opponent of the innovations, as he then eſteemed them, of Lavoiſier; being convinced, however, at length, that the French theory was a nearer approximation to truth, with the true ſpirit of a genuine philoſopher, he ever after bore public teſtimony to its ſuperiority.

General Washington.

A LIFE and portrait of this illuſtrious character were given in our Magazine for May laſt.

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

Sir,

IT has been frequently remarked, by thoſe who have written on the manners of our nation, that there are certain characters which periodically diſappear, or remain only in name, their nature being wholly altered; and it appears from the annals and periodical writings of this country, that this has frequently been the caſe. In the drama, which may be conſidered as, in many reſpects, a hiſtory of the manners of the times, we obſerve that many *characters* which afforded our anceſtors great pleaſure, as being the likeneſſes of ſomething they were acquainted with, are now become obſolete, and performed, if performed at all, by a traditional kind of *manner* handed down from player to player, until ſo little of the original remains, that we are inclined to think the *part* rather a fiction of the author than a repreſentation of real life. Such is the caſe with that very common character on the ſtage, a *Beau.* A beau in the plays written at the end of the laſt, or beginning of the preſent century, is no more like a beau of our days, than the dreſs of that period is like the preſent. For many years we have not ſeen, even on the ſtage, many attempts to perform the beaux of Cibber or Congreve. Dodd, indeed, late of Drury-lane theatre, retained a ſomething of the character, which he had ſeen performed in his youth, and the preſent Mr. King, in his admirable performance of lord Ogleby, gives us a great deal of the *old ſchool.* Still the character as originally written and *dreſſed*, I mean the character of a beau, is altogether loſt, and would not be intelligible if revived.

There is another character which has undergone a ſimilar revolution, the *Country Gentlemen*; which the force of education, viſiting the metropolis, and keeping good company has now incorporated with the general maſs of genteel life. Some writers, however, even political ones, affect to lament that the characters called 'Country gentlemen,' are no longer to be found among us; this complaint, I ſuſpect, ariſes from not knowing ſufficiently what the character of a country gentleman, or country-*ſquire* really was. However, if ſquire Weſtern, in Tom Jones, be thought a little extravagant, I ſhall tranſcribe, for the amuſement of your readers, a tolerable portrait handed down to us in a very ſcarce publication printed in 1697, which lately fell into my hands. It was written, as the title bears, by a lady, and in anſwer to ſome writings in which the female character was not treated with the reſpect to which it is now accuſtomed. Indeed the diſpute

reſpecting the equality of the ſexes is by no means new, although ſome very recent writers have arrogated to themſelves the diſcovery of female merit.

After ſtating her opinion of the beaux of her day, our authoreſs proceeds in theſe words:

'But as theſe men will hardly be reckoned much ſuperior to us, on account of their learning or improvements, ſo neither will I ſuppoſe another ſort diametrically oppoſite to theſe in their humours and opinions: I mean thoſe whoſe anceſtors have been wiſe and provident, and raiſed eſtates by their ingenuity and induſtry, and given all their poſterity after them, the means and the leiſure to be fools. Theſe are generally ſent to ſchool in their minority, and were they kept there till they came to years of diſcretion, moſt of them might ſtay, till they could tuck their beards into their girdles before they left carrying a ſatchel. In conformity to cuſtom, and the faſhion, they are ſent early to ſerve an apprenticeſhip to letters, and for eight or nine years are whipt up and down through two or three counties from ſchool to ſchool; when being arrived at ſixteen, or ſeventeen years of age, and having made the uſual tour of Latin and Greek authors, they are called home to be made *gentlemen*.

'As ſoon as the young ſquire has got out of the houſe of bondage, ſhaken off the awe of birch, and begins to feel himſelf at liberty, he conſiders that he is now learned enough (and it is ten to one but his friends are wiſe enough to be of his opinion) and thinks it high time to ſhake off the barbarous acquaintance he contracted with thoſe crabbed, vexatious, obſcure fellows, that gave him ſo much trouble and ſmart at ſchool, companions by no means fit for a gentleman, that wrote only to torment and perplex poor boys, and exerciſe the tyranny of pedants and ſchoolmaſters. Theſe prudent reſolutions taken, his converſation for ſome years ſucceeding, is wholly taken up by his horſes, dogs, and hawks, and the more ſenſeleſs animals that feed them. His groom, his huntſman, and his falconer are his tutors, and his walk is from the ſtable to the dog-kennel, and the reverſe of it. His diverſion is drudgery, and he is in higheſt ſatisfaction when he is moſt tired. He wearies you in the morning with his ſport, in the afternoon with the noiſy repetition, and drink, and the whole day with fatigue and confuſion. His entertainment is ſtale beer, and the hiſtory of his dogs and horſes, in which he gives you the pedigree of every one with all the exactneſs of a herald; and if you be very much in his good graces, it is odds, but he makes you the compliment of a puppy of one of his favourite bitches, which you muſt take with abundance of acknowledgments of his civility, or elſe he takes you for a ſtupid, as well as an ill-bred fellow.

'He is very conſtant at all clubs and meetings of the country gentlemen, where he will ſuffer nothing to be talked or heard of but his jades, his curs, and his kites. Upon theſe he rings perpetual changes, and treſpaſſes as much upon the patience of the company in the tavern, as upon their incloſures in the field, and is leaſt impertinent, when moſt drunk.

'His grand buſineſs is to make an aſſignation at a horſe-race, or a hunting match, and nothing diſcompoſes him ſo much as a diſappointment. Thus accompliſhed, and finiſhed for a gentleman, he enters the civil liſts, and holds the ſcales of juſtice, with as much blindneſs as ſhe is ſaid to do. From henceforward his worſhip becomes as formidable to the alehouſes, as he was before familiar; he *fizes* an ale pot, and takes the dimenſions of bread, with great dexterity and ſagacity. He is the terror of all the deer and poultry-ſtealers in the neighbourhood, and is ſo implacable a perſecutor of poachers, that he keeps a regiſter of all the dogs and guns in the hundred, and is the ſcare-beggar of the pariſh. Short pots, and unjuſtifiable dogs and nets, furniſh him with

ſufficient matter of preſentments, to carry him once a quarter to the ſeſſions, where he ſays little, eats and drinks much, and after dinner hunts over the laſt chaſe, and ſo rides worſhipfully drunk home again.

'At home he exerciſes his authority in granting his letters patent to petitioners for erecting ſhovel-board tables, and ginger-bread ſtalls. If he happens to live near any little borough, or corporation, that ſends burgeſſes to parliament, he may become ambitious, and ſue for the honour of being made their repreſentative. Henceforward he grows popular, bows to, and treats the mob all around him; and whether there be any in his diſcourſe or not, there is good ſenſe in his kitchen and his cellar, which is more agreeable and edifying. If he be ſo happy as to out-tap his competitor, and drink his neighbours into an opinion of his ſobriety, he is choſen, and up he comes to that honourable aſſembly, where he ſhows his wiſdom beſt by his ſilence, and ſerves his country moſt in his abſence.'

If ſuch, Mr. Editor, be the *country gentlemen*, who have diſappeared from among us, and are not, or very rarely to be found, it may be a queſtion, not difficult to be anſwered, whether the misfortune is to be regretted?

I am, ſir, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.

This ſingular Account has lately been publiſhed by a German Author, who aſſerts the Authenticity of it.

IN a coffee-houſe, in a city of Livonia, a man one day made the following propoſition. 'I am tired of life, and if any body would be of my party, I would not heſitate to quit this world.' Nobody anſwering him, he ſaid no more, but, after ſome time, all the company having left the room, except two perſons, theſe came up to him, and aſked him if he were really ſerious in the propoſition which he had made? 'Yes, gentlemen,' ſaid he, in a determined tone of voice, 'I never ſpeak without due reflection, and I never retract what I have advanced.' 'Then we will be of your party, for we have formed the ſame deſign.' 'Why ſo, gentlemen? *My* actions are always determined by an adequate motive, and I am incapable of urging a man to adhere to ſuch a reſolution as this, unleſs his misfortunes be ſuch as to render life inſupportable to him.' 'We are loaded with debts without the means of diſcharging them. We are unable to live any longer with honour, and we are incapable of having recourſe to baſe and diſhonourable means. Thoſe whoſe hopes will be diſappointed by our death, have already received much more than they were legally entitled to.'

'I had one day,' ſaid one of them, 'the good luck to break a conſiderable bank at Spa. I was immediately ſurrounded with ſharpers, who propoſed to play with me. I loſt all my winnings in a few deals, and much more. I gave a note for the ſurplus, which I cannot take up.'

'I,' ſaid the other, 'had a commiſſion in the army. I had given proofs of courage, and had merited promotion, in order to obtain which I contracted ſome debts. But a young nobleman, who had never been in action, having been advanced over my head, I gave in my reſignation, without reflecting, until it was too late, that I had no other reſource in the world. The number of my creditors has increaſed, and I have now no credit with any one. I know my inability to fulfil my engagements, and, determined to impoſe on no man, I am compelled to put an end to my exiſtence.'

'Gentlemen,' replied the man who had given riſe to this converſation, 'I admire your principles, your reſolution, and your firmneſs. If, how-

ever, I poſſeſſed the means of removing the ground of your deſpair, I ſhould feel happy in making you renounce your noble project, but all that I have left will barely ſuffice to pay for a ſupper, if you will accept one; and at the laſt bottle we will immortalize ourſelves.' 'Bravo!' exclaimed the others, 'this is admirable.'

The day was fixed, and an excellent ſupper was ordered; the table was covered with dainties, and there was plenty of the beſt wines. A ſtrong doſe of arſenic was put into one bottle, which was to be drunk at laſt. While theſe preparations were making, the two debtors repaired to a neighbouring houſe of ill-fame, where they met with another man, who had come thither to conſole himſelf, in the arms of venal beauty, for the rigour which he experienced from a lady to whom he paid his addreſſes. But this den of corruption only filled him with diſguſt and horror. He became gloomy and melancholy. When in this humour, he was addreſſed by the other two perſons, who, after ſome converſation, informed him of their deſign. He ſeemed to reliſh it, and to be diſpoſed to make a fourth in the party. In the ſtate of mind in which he then was, the taſk of perſuaſion was eaſy; they blinded his judgment by their ſophiſtry, and he accompanied them to the place.

The perſon, who was to pay for the ſupper, expecting only two gueſts, was ſurpriſed at ſeeing a third. He enquired into the motives which had influenced the determination of his new colleague, and, being ſatisfied with them, they all ſat down to table. The original propoſer of the plan was in a very good humour, and made a long ſpeech on the reſolution which he had formed. 'I have,' ſaid he, 'ſeen ſo much of human life, that I ſuſpect there is little more for me to ſee. Every thing tends to convince me that man is a very poor creature, and that he can only be happy by contributing to the happineſs of others. One perſon may do this in one way, another in another, but I could only do it with my fortune; and I accordingly employed it for that purpoſe in the beſt manner I could. If any one proved to me, in a plauſible way, that a certain ſum would make him happy, I gave it him. The conſequence was that my fortune was ſoon ſpent; and I am now ruined and wholly unable to render a ſervice to any man. It would be poſſible, indeed, to ſubſiſt by my labour, but I ſhould infallibly ſink under ſuch a mode of life; and beſides, I cannot believe that any man ought to exiſt for himſelf alone.'

The laſt of our heroes here interrupted the philoſopher. 'That is the very point on which I muſt contradict you. If man did dot exiſt for himſelf, as you ſuppoſe, and you have proved by your life, that ſuch is your opinion, I certainly ought to continue to live. But I, who am of a different opinion, and who have lived only for myſelf, finding no more pleaſure in life, am reſolved to quit it.'

'Every man, my friend,' replied the firſt, 'has his own mode of thinking on this ſubject, and acts accordingly. There can be no wiſh, then, to make proſelytes. You will die in purſuance of your own ſyſtem, and I in purſuance of mine.' Much more converſation enſued on the fragility of life; many traits, ancient and modern, were cited in favour of ſuicide; and during this diſcuſſion the young candidate remained penſive. The bottle was freely circulated, and a thouſand reaſons were urged, each exceeding the other in abſurdity. They took the laſt bottle, but one, which they drank with firmneſs, to a happy meeting, and without betraying the ſmalleſt ſymptom of irreſolution. At length, they came to the laſt bottle. The philoſopher took it, ſaying, 'In this repoſes the immortality which we ſhall ſtill enjoy. It is the precious panacea which makes the wretched forget their cares, and cures the rich man's pains. It reminds us that we are free; it is liberty to the ſlave,

gold to the poor, tranquillity to the reſtleſs, and happineſs to the miſerable.'

He divided the bottle into four equal parts; then taking his glaſs in his hand, ſaid, 'I die tranquil and contented. Heaven gave me wealth to diſtribute, aad I diſtributed it as well as I could. I came into the world to live among men, and for them; not having the ability to be any longer of uſe to them, I take my leave. I am induced to adopt this meaſure from the deſpair into which I ſhould be plunged, if any one of the unfortunate beings, whom I have been accuſtomed to relieve, were to come and implore that aſſiſtance which I am unable to afford him. I believe in the exiſtence of a future life, and I hope to paſs from this world into another, where I ſhall be able to do more good.' After this expoſition of his philoſophy he emptied his glaſs, to the very laſt drop.

The other two then took their glaſſes. 'We have no occaſion,' ſaid they, 'for ſuch profound reaſoning. We expect to be viſited to-morrow by the ſame number of creditors, who beſieged us this morning, and of whom we had conſiderable difficulty to rid ourſelves. What reaſon can be aſſigned to prevent us from withdrawing ourſelves from ſuch perſecution? We believe in predeſtination, and it was our deſtiny that we ſhould finiſh our days here.' They both emptied their glaſſes without heſitation.

It now came to the turn of the fourth, who took his glaſs in his hand, held it up to the candle, then, putting it down on the table, ſaid; 'You have done me the honour, gentlemen, to admit me into your company, and I thank you for it. By your obſervations I have acquired a knowledge of death, which I did not poſſeſs before. I was led to wiſh for it by ſome painful occurrences, and a deep melancholy conſequent thereupon. I now know the madneſs of ſuch a wiſh. It was not death that I ſhould have deſired, but ſufficient firmneſs to die. My wiſh is accompliſhed; you, gentlemen, have given me that ſublime leſſon. I ſhall not cenſure the motives which have engaged you to quit the world; on ſuch a topic every man muſt judge for himſelf. But my ſituation is abſolutely different from yours. I owe nothing to any man. I muſt, therefore, have ſome other reaſons for taking this beverage, which you are pleaſed to call immortality, and which ſhines with ſuch brilliancy in this glaſs. The ſophiſms of that gentleman had rather diſconcerted me, and, in the ſtate of my mind at that time, I yielded to his opinion; but reflection has come to my aid. I have a conſiderable fortune, and two profligate brothers, who wiſh for my death, that they might ſquander it, in the moſt ſcandalous manner.'

Here the poiſon beginning to operate, one of the debtors, with diſtorted features, begged him to finiſh his ſpeech, becauſe it would be too cruel for him to ſurvive them, and ſuffer alone. 'I have little more,' added the other, 'to ſay, I have never before ſeen a man in his laſt moments. You have now afforded me the opportunity, and I confeſs to you, gentlemen, that the kind of death which you have choſen only fills me with horror. The very ſight of you makes me ſhudder. It was only in a moment of madneſs, that I could give my approbation to your project, and conſent to follow your example. If I am ſo fortunate as to open my eyes in time, do you be ſtill ſo wiſe as not to accuſe me of cowardice, and accept my excuſes for having ſo inconſiderately conſented to make a fourth. May the pleaſing hopes which you have formed be realized. May you be happier in the next world than you have been in this.' He then roſe to leave the room. 'But,' exclaimed the others, 'did you not promiſe, upon your honour, to do as we did?' 'True, gentlemen, but you ſhould congratulate yourſelves on my converſion. Applaud yourſelves for that return to my ſenſes which your dread-

ful example has occaſioned.' He caſt a laſt look of pity upon them. They all endeavoured to follow him, but could not. 'I left them,' ſaid he to me, adding, that the third, who was nearer to his end than the two others, teſtified his approbation of his conduct, by an inclination of his head.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES *of* MUSIC *in* ENGLAND, *during the preſent and concluding* CENTURY. *Concluded from Page* 218.

IN 1769, Guadagni made a great figure. He had been in this country early in life, as ſerious man in a burletta troop of ſingers. His voice was then a full, and well toned countertenor; but he ſung wildly and careleſsly. The excellence of his voice, however, attracted the notice of Handel, who aſſigned him the parts in his oratorios, the Meſſiah and Samſon, which had been originally compoſed for Mrs. Cibber. He quitted London for the firſt time about 1753. The higheſt expectations of his abilities were raiſed by fame, before his ſecond arrival at the time of which we treat. As an actor he ſeems to have had no equal on any ſtage in Europe. His figure was uncommonly elegant and noble; his countenance replete with beauty, intelligence, and dignity; his attitudes were full of grace and propriety. Thoſe who remembered his voice when formerly in England, were now diſappointed: it was comparatively thin and feeble; he had now changed it to a ſoprano, and extended its compaſs from ſix or ſeven notes to fourteen or fifteen. The muſic he ſung was the moſt ſimple imaginable; a few notes with frequent pauſes, and opportunities of being liberated from the compoſer and the band, were all he required. In theſe effuſions, ſeemingly extemporaneous, he diſplayed the native power of melody unaided by harmony or even by uniſonous accompaniment: the pleaſure he communicated proceeded principally from his artful manner of diminiſhing the tones of his voice, like the dying notes of the Æolian harp. Moſt other ſingers affect a ſwell; but Guadagni, after beginning a note with force, attenuated it ſo delicately that it poſſeſſed all the effect of extreme diſtance. During the ſeaſon 1770 and 1771, Tenducci was the immediate ſucceſſor of Guadagni. This performer, who appeared in England firſt only as a ſinger of the ſecond or third claſs, was, during his reſidence in Scotland and Ireland, ſo much improved as to be well received as firſt man, not only on the ſtage of London, but in all the great theatres of Italy.

It was during this period that dancing ſeemed firſt to gain the aſcendant over muſic by the ſuperior talents of mademoiſelle Heinel, whoſe grace and execution were ſo perfect as to eclipſe all other excellence.

In the firſt opera performed in the ſeaſon 1773, appeared miſs Cecilia Davies, known in Italy by the name of L' Ingleſina. Miſs Davies had the honour of being the firſt Engliſh woman who had ever been thought worthy of ſinging on any ſtage in Italy. She even performed with *eclat* the principal female characters on many of the great theatres of that country. Gabrielli only on the continent was ſaid to ſurpaſs her. Her voice, though not of great volume, was clear and perfectly in tune; her ſhake was open and diſtinct, without the ſluggiſhneſs of the French cadence. The flexibility of her throat rendered her execution equal to the moſt rapid diviſions.

The ſeaſon 1775 and 1776 was rendered memorable by the arrival of the celebrated Catarina Gabrielli, ſtyled early in life *La Cuochetina*, from being the daughter of a cardinal's cook at Rome. She had, however, in her countenance and deportment no indications of low birth. Her manner and appearance depicted dignity and grace. So great was her reputation

before her arrival in England for ſinging and for caprice, that the public expecting perhaps in both too much, were unwilling to allow her due praiſe for her performance, and were apt to aſcribe every thing ſhe did to pride and inſolence. Her voice, though exquiſite, was not very powerful. Her chief excellence having been the neatneſs and rapidity of her execution, the ſurpriſe of the public muſt have been much diminiſhed after hearing miſs Davies, who ſung many of the ſame ſongs in the ſame ſtyle, and with a neatneſs ſo nearly equal, that common hearers could diſtinguiſh no difference. The diſtinguiſhing critic, however, might have diſcovered a ſuperior ſweetneſs in the tone of Gabrielli's voice, an elegance in the finiſhing of her muſical periods or paſſages, an accent and preciſion in diviſions, ſuperior not only to miſs Davies, but to every other ſinger of her time.

About the time of which we have been treating, the proprietors of the Pantheon in Oxford-ſtreet ventured to engage Agujari, at the enormous ſalary of 100l *per* night, for ſinging *two ſongs* only! She was a truly wonderful performer. The lower part of her voice was full, round, and of excellent quality; its compaſs amazing. She had two octaves of fair natural voice, from A in the fifth line on the baſs to A on the ſixth line on the treble, and beyond that in *alt* ſhe had in early youth more than another octave. She has been heard to aſcend to B b in *altiſſimo*. Her ſhake was open and perfect; her intonation true; her execution marked and rapid; the ſtyle of her ſinging, in the natural compaſs of her voice, grand and majeſtic.

In 1776, arrived Anna Pozzi, as ſucceſſor to Gabrielli. She poſſeſſed a voice clear, ſweet and powerful; but her inexperience, both as an actreſs and a ſinger, produced a contraſt very unfavourable to her when compared with ſo celebrated a performer as Gabrielli. Since that time, however, Pozzi, with more ſtudy and knowledge, has become one of the beſt and moſt admired female ſingers in Italy.

After the departure of Agujari, for the ſecond and laſt time, the managers of the Pantheon engaged Georgi, as her ſucceſſor. Her voice was exquiſitely fine, but totally uncultivated. She went to Italy again, where ſhe was employed as the firſt woman.

During the ſeaſons 1777 and 1778, the principal ſingers at the opera in London, were Frandeſco Roncaglia and Franceſca Danze, afterward madame Le Brun. Roncaglia poſſeſſed a ſweet-toned voice; but of the three great requiſites of a complete ſtage-ſinger, pathos, grace, and execution, which the Italians call *cantabile*, *grazioſo* and *bravura*, he could lay claim only to the ſecond. His voice when confined to a room leaves nothing to wiſh for. Danze had a voice well in tune, a good ſhake, great execution, prodigious compaſs, with great knowledge of muſic; yet the pleaſure her performance imparted was not equal to theſe accompliſhments: but her object was not ſo much pathos and grace, as to ſurprize by the imitation of the tone and difficulties of inſtruments.

This year, Pacchierotti appeared in London, whither his high reputation had penetrated long before. The natural tone of his voice was intereſting, ſweet and pathetic. His compaſs was very great. He poſſeſſed an unbounded fancy, and the power not only of executing the moſt difficult and refined paſſages, but of inventing embelliſhment entirely new. Ferdinando Bertoni, a well-known compoſer, came along with Pacchierotti to Britain.

During the laſt fifteen years, *dancing* has become an important branch of the amuſements of the opera-houſe. Mademoiſelle Heinel, young Veſtris, and mademoiſelle Baccelli had, during ſome years, delighted the audience at the opera; but on the arrival of Veſtris the elder, pleaſure was exchanged for ecſtaſy. In the year 1781, Pacchierotti had by this time been ſo fre-

quently heard that his ſinging was not an impediment to converſation; but while the elder Veſtris was on the ſtage, not a breathing was to be heard. Thoſe lovers of muſic who talked the loudeſt while Pacchierotti ſung, were in agonies of terror leſt the graceful movements of Veſtris, *le dieu de la dance*, ſhould be diſturbed by audible approbation. Since that time, the moſt mute and reſpectful attention has been paid to the manly grace of Le Picque, and the light fantaſtic toe of the younger Veſtris, to the Roſſis, the Theodores, the Coulons and the Hilliſbergs; while the ſlighted ſingers have been diſturbed, not by the voice of applauſe, but the clamour of inattention.

The year 1784, was rendered a memorable era in the annals of muſic, by the ſplendid and magnificent manner in which the birth and genius of Handel, were celebrated in Weſtminſter-abbey and the Pantheon, by five performances of pieces ſelected from his own works, and executed by a band of more than five hundred voices and inſtruments, in the preſence and under the immediate auſpices of their majeſties and the firſt perſonages of the kingdom. The commemoration of Handel has been ſince repeated three times, but the frequent repetition was at length found to damp the curioſity and intereſt it originally created, and it will probably not be repeated again upon the ſame grand ſcale until peace ſhall arrive. It may be neceſſary to mention, however, that in 1785, the band conſiſted of 616 performers; in 1786, of 741; and in 1787, of 806.

The year 1784, is diſtinguiſhed alſo by the arrival of madame Mara, whoſe performance in the commemoration of Handel, in Weſtminſter-abbey, inſpired an audience of 3000 of the firſt people of the kingdom, not only with pleaſure but with ecſtaſy and rapture. She has ſince taken up her reſidence in this kingdom, and is the leading ſinger at moſt concerts, oratorios, and muſic-meetings, and has preſerved her popularity rather better than her temper, which laſt defect has brought her ſometimes from Weſtminſter-abbey to Weſtminſter-hall.

In 1786, arrived Rubinelli. His voice was a true and full contralto from C in the middle of the ſcale to the octave above. His ſtyle was grand, and his execution neat and diſtinct; his taſte and embelliſhments new, ſelect, and maſterly.

In 1788, a new dance, compoſed by the celebrated M. Noverre, called Cupid and Pſyche, was exhibited, and produced an effect ſo uncommon as to deſerve notice. So great was the pleaſure it afforded to the ſpectators, that Noverre was unanimouſly brought on the ſtage, and crowned with laurel by the principal performers. This, though common in France, was a new mark of approbation in England. The ſame year arrived Marcheſi, a ſinger, whoſe talents have been the ſubject of praiſe and admiration on every theatre of Europe. His ſtyle of ſinging was not only elegant and refined in an uncommon degree, but often grand and full of dignity, particularly in his recitative and occaſional low notes. His variety of embelliſhment and facility of running extempore diviſions were wonderful. Many of his graces were elegant and of his own invention.

Beſide the opera-ſingers mentioned, and to whom Banti, the preſent much-admired ſinger, is to be added, our theatres and public gardens have exhibited ſingers of conſiderable merit, in the courſe of this, now expiring, century. In 1730, miſs Rafter, afterward the celebrated Mrs. Clive, firſt appeared on the ſtage at Drury-lane, as a ſinger. The ſame year introduced miſs Cecilia Young, afterward the wife of Dr. Arne. Her ſtyle of ſinging was infinitely ſuperior to that of any other Engliſhwoman of her time. In 1736, Mrs. Cibber, who had captivated every hearer of ſenſibility by her native ſweetneſs of voice and powers of expreſſion as a ſinger, made her firſt attempt as a tragic actreſs. The ſame year, Beard became

a favourite ſinger at Covent-garden. At this time, miſs Young, afterward Mrs Arne, and her two ſiſters Iſabella and Eſther, were the favourite Engliſh female ſingers.

In 1738, was inſtituted the fund for the ſupport of decayed muſicians and their families. In 1745, Mr. Tyers, proprietor of Vauxhall-gardens, firſt added vocal muſic to the other entertainments of that place. A ſhort time before, Ranelagh had become a place of public amuſement. In 1749, arrived Giardini, whoſe great taſte, hand, and ſtyle in playing on the violin, procured him univerſal admiration. A few years after his arrival he formed a morning *academia*, or concert at his houſe, compoſed chiefly of his ſcholars. About this time, Martini and Aviſon, were eminent compoſers.

Of nearly 150 muſical pieces brought on our national theatres, within theſe forty years, thirty of them at leaſt were ſet by Arne. The ſtyle of this compoſer, if analyzed, would perhaps appear to be neither Italian nor Engliſh; but an agreeable mixture of both, and Scotch.—The late earl of Kelly, who died but a few years ago, deſerves particular notice, as poſſeſſed of a very eminent degree of muſical ſcience, far ſuperior to other *dilettanti*, and perhaps not inferior to any profeſſor of his time. There was no part of theoretical or practical muſic, in which he was not thoroughly verſed; he poſſeſſed a ſtrength of hand on the violin, and a genius for compoſition, with which few profeſſors are gifted.

Charles Frederick Abel was an admirable muſician; his performance on the *viol da gamba* was in every particular complete and perfect. He had a hand which no difficulties could embarraſs; a taſte the moſt refined and delicate; a judgment ſo correct and certain as never to permit a ſingle note to eſcape him without meaning. His compoſitions were eaſy and elegantly ſimple. In writing and playing an *adagio*, he was ſuperior to all praiſe; the moſt pleaſing yet learned modulation, the richeſt harmony, the moſt elegant and poliſhed melody, were all expreſſed with the moſt exquiſite feeling, taſte and ſcience. His manner of playing an *adagio* ſoon became the model of imitation for all our young performers on bowed inſtruments. Barthelemon, Cervetto, Cramer and Croſdill, may in this reſpect be ranked as of his ſchool. All lovers of muſic muſt have lamented that Abel in youth had not attached himſelf to an inſtrument more worthy of his genius, taſte, and learning, than the *viol da gamba*, that remnant of the old cheſt of viols, which during the laſt century was a neceſſary appendage of a nobleman's or gentleman's family throughout Europe, previous to the admiſſion of violins, tenors, and baſes, in private houſes or public concerts. Since the death of the late elector of Bavaria, who was, next to Abel, the beſt performer of the *viol da gamba* in Europe, the inſtrument ſeems quite laid aſide. It was uſed longer in Germany than elſewhere; but the place of *gambiſt* ſeems now as much ſuppreſſed in the chapels of German princes as that of *lutaniſts*.—The celebrated performer on the violin, Lolle, came to England in 1785. Such was his caprice, that he was ſeldom heard; and ſo eccentric was his ſtyle and compoſition, that by many he was regarded as a madman. He was, however, during his lucid intervals, a very great and expreſſive performer in the ſerious ſtyle.

Mrs. Billington, after diſtinguiſhing herſelf in childhood, as a neat and expreſſive performer on the pianoforte, appeared all at once in 1786, as a ſweet and captivating ſinger. In emulation of Mara, and other great bravura ſingers, ſhe at firſt too frequently attempted paſſages of difficulty; ſhe improved, however, afterward ſo greatly, that no ſong ſeems too high, or too rapid for her execution. The natural tone of her voice is ſo exquiſitely ſweet, her knowledge of muſic ſo conſiderable, her ſhake

ſo true, her cloſes and embelliſhments ſo various, her expreſſions ſo graceful, that envy only, or apathy, could hear her without delight. Some years ago ſhe was engaged as a performer and ſinger at one of our theatres. In eſtabliſhed pieces, ſhe afforded great delight, but new operas were compoſed for her of materials ſo ſtupid and trifling, that even her talents could not ſave them from the contempt of the audience. She has ſince reſided abroad, and we underſtand, her voice and manner are greatly improved. An imprudent marriage, contracted abroad, on the death of Mr. Billington, ſeems to detain her from her own country. It has been ſaid that liberal offers have been made to her by the managers of the opera, but that ſhe will not appear as *ſecond* to Banti.

To enumerate the many vocal and inſtrumental performers of merit, which our theatres and concerts have lately produced, would be needleſs, and perhaps invidious. Upon the whole the preſent century may be conſidered as the *age of muſic* in this country. Without poſſeſſing a muſic of our own, we have become proficients in the muſic of other nations, and have induced an univerſal taſte for it. Muſic is now as regular a branch of, at leaſt *female*, education, as any other neceſſary qualification. This may, and has produced, pretenders, but at the ſame time, has produced an infinite number of private performers of very conſiderable merit. That a taſte for muſic is natural in this country, appears from many circumſtances; but more particularly from the vaſt number of excellent military bands, which have been brought together in the courſe of this war, from the lower orders of the people, not only for the regular army, but for the numerous regiments of militia, and volunteer corps. This appears to us a very ſtriking circumſtance. Whether in education there be no danger in giving too much encouragement to a muſical taſte, whether it may not become an uſeleſs buſineſs inſtead of a temporary pleaſure? are queſtions which are left to the conſideration of our readers.

A PROJECT *for extending the* BREED *of* FINE-WOOLLED SPANISH SHEEP, *now in the Poſſeſſion of his Majeſty, into all Parts of* Great Britain, *where the Growth of fine Clothing Wool is found to be profitable.*

AFTER experiments had been tried for ſeveral years, by the king's command, with Spaniſh ſheep of the true Merino breed, imported from various parts of Spain, all of which concurred in proving, that the valuable wool of thoſe animals did not degenerate in any degree in this climate, and that the croſs of a Merino ram uniformly increaſed the quantity and meliorated the quality of the wool of every kind of ſhort-woolled ſheep on which it was tried, and more particularly ſo in the caſe of the South Down, Hereford, and Devonſhire breeds; his majeſty was pleaſed to command that ſome Merino ſheep ſhould be procured from a flock, the character of which for a fine pile of wool was well eſtabliſhed.

Application was accordingly made to lord Auckland, who had lately returned from an embaſſy to Spain; and in conſequence of his lordſhip's letters, the marchioneſs del Campo di Alange, was induced to preſent to his majeſty five rams and thirty-five ewes from her own flock, known by the name of Negretti, the reputation of which, for purity of blood and fineneſs of wool, is as high as any in Spain. For this preſent his majeſty was pleaſed to ſend to the marchioneſs in return eight fine Engliſh coach horſes.

Theſe ſheep, which were imported in the year 1792, have formed the

baſis of a flock, now kept in the park of his royal highneſs the duke of York, at Oatlands, the breed of which has been preſerved with the utmoſt care and attention.

The wool of this flock, as well as that of the ſheep procured before from Spain, was acknowledged by the manufacturers who ſaw it, to be to all appearance of the very firſt quality; yet none of them choſe to offer a price for it at all equal to what they themſelves gave for good Spaniſh wool, leſt, as they ſaid, it ſhould not prove in manufacture ſo valuable as its appearance promiſed: it became neceſſary, therefore, that it ſhould be manufactured at the king's expence, in order that abſolute proof might be given of its actual fitneſs for the fabric of ſuperfine broad cloth; and this was done year after year in various manners, the cloth always proving excellent: yet the perſons to whom the wool was offered for ſale ſtill continued to undervalue it, being prepoſſeſſed with an opinion, that though it might not at firſt degenerate, it certainly ſooner or later would alter its quality much for the worſe.

In 1796, it was reſolved to ſell the wool at the price that ſhould be offered for it, in order that the manufacturers themſelves might make trial of its quality, although a price equal to its real value ſhould not be obtained: accordingly, the clip of that year was ſold for 2s a pound, and the clip of the year 1797, for 2s 2d.

The value of the wool being now in ſome degree known, the clip of 1798, was waſhed in the Spaniſh manner, and it ſold as follows:

The number of fleeces of ewes and wethers was 89;

Which produced in wool waſhed on the ſheep's backs - - 295 lb.
Loſs in ſcowering - - 92
Amount of ſcowered wool - 203

Which produced,	lb.	per lb.	
Raffinos	167	at 5s.	47l 8s.
Finos	23	at 3s 6d.	
Terceros	13	at 2s 6d.	

The clip of 1799, was managed in the ſame manner, and produced as follows:

The number of fleeces of ewes and wethers was 101;

Which produced in wool waſhed on the ſheep's backs - - 346 lb.
Loſs in ſcowering - 92
Amount of ſcowered wool - 254

Which produced,	lb.	per lb.	
Raffinos	207	at 5s 6d.	63l 14s 6d.
Finos	28	at 3s 6d.	
Terceros	19	at 2s.	

The rams' wool of the two years ſorted, together produced as follows:

Quantity of wool waſhed on the ſheep's backs - - - 314 lb.
Loſs in ſcowering - - 99
Amount of ſcowered wool - 215

Which produced,	lb.	per lb.	
Raffinos	181	at 4s 6d.	45l 15s 6d.
Finos	22	at 3s 6d.	
Terceros	12	2s.	

It is neceſſary to account for theſe extraordinary prices by ſtating, that in the year 1799, when both ſales were effected, Spaniſh wool was dearer than it ever before was known to be; but it is alſo proper to add, that 5s 6d. was then the price of the beſt Spaniſh piles; and that none were ſold higher, except, as it is ſaid, a very ſmall quantity for 5s 9d.

The king has been pleaſed to give away to different perſons, who undertook to try experiments by croſſing other breeds of ſheep with the Spaniſh, more than one hundred rams and ſome ewes. In order, however, to make the benefit of this valuable improvement in the ſtaple commodity of Great Britain, acceſſible to all perſons who may chooſe to take the advantage of it, his majeſty is this year pleaſed to permit ſome rams and ewes to be ſold, and alſo to command that reaſonable prices ſhall be put upon them, according to the comparative value of each individual; in obedience to which it has been ſuggeſted that five guineas may be conſidered as the medium price of a ram, and two guineas that of a

ewe; a ſum which it is believed the purchaſer will in all caſes be able to receive back with large profit, by the improvement his flock will derive from the valuable addition it will obtain.

Though the mutton of the Spaniſh ſheep was always excellent, their carcaſes were extremely different in ſhape from that mould which the faſhion of the preſent day teaches us to prefer; great improvement has however been already made in this article, by a careful and attentive ſelection of ſuch rams and ewes as appeared moſt likely to produce a comely progeny; and no doubt can be entertained, that, in due time, with judicious management, carcaſes covered with ſuperfine Spaniſh wool may be brought into any ſhape, whatever it may be, to which the intereſt of the butcher, or the caprice of the breeder, may chooſe to affix a particular value.

Sir Joſeph Banks, who has the honour of being intruſted with the management of this buſineſs, will anſwer all letters on the ſubject of it, addreſſed to him in Soho-ſquare. The rams will be delivered at Windſor; the ewes at Weybridge, in Surry, near Oatlands.

As thoſe who have the care of his majeſty's Spaniſh flock may naturally be ſuppoſed partial to the project of introducing ſuperfine wool in theſe kingdoms, it has been thought proper to annex the following notice, in order to ſhow the opinion held of a ſimilar undertaking in a neighbouring country, where individuals, however they have miſtaken their political intereſt, are rather remarkable for purſuing and thoroughly weighing their own perſonal advantage in all their private undertakings, and for ſagacity in ſeizing all opportunities of improving, by public eſtabliſhments, the reſources of their nation.

French Advertisement.

On the 24th of May laſt, an advertiſement appeared in the *Moniteur*, giving notice of a ſale of two hundred and twenty ewes and rams of the fineſt woolled Spaniſh breed, part of the flock kept on the national farm of Rambouillet; alſo two thouſand pounds of ſuperfine wool, being the preſent year's clip of this national flock; and one thouſand three hundred pounds of wool, the produce of the mixed breeds of ſheep kept at the menagerie at Verſailles.

This advertiſement, which is official, is accompanied by a notice from Lucien Bonaparte, miniſter of the interior, as follows:

'The Spaniſh breed of ſheep that produce the fineſt wool, introduced into France thirty years ago, has not manifeſted the ſmalleſt ſymptom of degeneration: ſamples of the wool of this valuable flock, which was brought from Spain in the year 1786, are ſtill preſerved, and bear teſtimony that it has not in the leaſt declined from its original excellence, although the diſtrict where theſe ſheep have been kept is not of the beſt quality for ſheep-farming; the draughts from this flock, that have been annually ſold by auction, have always exceeded in value the expectation of the purchaſers in every country to which they have been carried, that is not too damp for ſheep.

'The weight of their fleeces is from ſix * to twelve pounds each, and thoſe of the rams are ſometimes heavier.

'Sheep of the ordinary coarſe-woolled breeds, when croſſed by a Spaniſh ram, produce fleeces double in weight, and far more valuable, than thoſe of their dams; and if this croſs is carefully continued, by ſupplying rams of the pure Spaniſh blood, the wool of the third or fourth generation is ſcarce diſtinguiſhable from the original Spaniſh wool.

'Theſe mixed breeds are more eaſily maintained, and can be fattened at as ſmall an expence as the ordinary breeds of the country.

* This muſt mean fleeces unwaſhed, or in the yoke, as it is technically termed.

'No ſpeculation whatever offers advantages ſo certain, and ſo conſiderable, to thoſe who embark in it, as that of the improvement of wool, by the introduction of rams and ewes of the true Spaniſh race, among the flocks of France, whether the ſheep are purchaſed at Rambouillet, or elſewhere; in this buſineſs, however, it is of the greateſt importance to ſecure the Spaniſh breed unmixed, and the utmoſt precaution on that head ſhould be uſed, as the avarice of proprietors may tempt them to ſubſtitute the croſſed breeds inſtead of the pure one, to the great diſappointment of the purchaſer.

'The amelioration of wool at Rambouillet has made ſo great a progreſs, that in a circle from twenty-four to thirty ſix miles in diameter, the manufacturers purchaſe thirty-five thouſand pounds of wool, improved by two, three, or four croſſes. Thoſe who wiſh to accelerate the amelioration of their flocks by introducing into them ewes of this improved ſort, may find abundance to be purchaſed in that neighbourhood at reaſonable rates.'

HISTORY *of the* INDEX EXPURGATORIUS, *or* CATALOGUE *of* PROHIBITED BOOKS.

[From Dr. Campbell's 'Lectures on Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory.']

IN the earlieſt ages of the church, though there was no eccleſiaſtical prohibition in regard to books, pious perſons, from a principle of conſcience, always thought it right to avoid reading bad books, that they might not tranſgreſs the ſenſe of the divine law, which prohibits us from ſpending the time unprofitably, and which commands us to abſtain from all appearance of evil, to avoid every thing by which we may be led, without neceſſity, to expoſe ourſelves to temptation, and be drawn into ſin. Theſe are obligations ariſing from the principles of the law of nature, and therefore perpetually in force. We are all, doubtleſs, obliged, though there were no eccleſiaſtical law to that purpoſe, to beware of miſpending the precious hours in the peruſal of worthleſs writings. But, in proceſs of time, when theſe conſiderations were leſs minded than at the beginning, Dionyſius, biſhop of Alexandria, a celebrated doctor, about the year 240, being reproved by his own preſbyters, for reading books that they accounted dangerous, found it convenient to plead in his excuſe, that his doubts on this head had been removed by a viſion, wherewith he had been favoured from heaven, which permitted him to read any book, becauſe he had diſcernment ſufficient to enable him to do it with ſafety. It was, however, the general opinion in thoſe days, that there was greater danger in the books of pagans, than in thoſe of heretics, which were much more abhorred.

The reading of the former, the Greek and the Latin books which we now call claſſics, was more ſeverely cenſured, not as being intrinſically worſe than the other, but becauſe thoſe books were more engaging, and the reading of them was more frequently practiſed by many Chriſtian doctors, through a deſire of learning eloquence, and the rules of compoſition. And, for indulging himſelf in this practice, Jerom was ſaid to have been either in viſion, or in dream, buffeted by the devil. Much about that time, to wit, in the year 400, a council in Carthage prohibited the biſhops from reading the books of the gentiles, but permitting them to read thoſe of heretics. This is the firſt prohibition in form of a canon. Nor is there any thing elſe, on this ſubject, to be found in the fathers, except in the way of advice, on the general principles of the divine law, as repreſented above.

The books of the heretics, whoſe

doctrine had been condemned by councils, were indeed often, for political reaſons, prohibited by the emperors. Thus Conſtantine prohibited the books of Arius. Arcadius thoſe of the Eunomians and Manichees. Theodoſius thoſe of Neſtorius, and Martian the writings of the Eutychians. In Spain, king Ricaredo prohibited thoſe of the Arians. Councils and biſhops thought it ſufficient to declare what books contained doctrine condemned or apocryphal. They proceeded no further, leaving it to the conſcience of every one either to avoid them entirely, or to read them with a good intention. After the year 800, the Roman pontiffs, who had uſurped the greater part of eccleſiaſtical government, expreſsly forbade men to read, nay, gave orders to burn the books whoſe authors they had condemned as guilty of hereſy. Nevertheleſs, till the age of the reformation, the number of books actually prohibited was but ſmall.

The general papal prohibition, on pain of excommunication, and without any other ſentence, to all thoſe who read books containing the doctrine of heretics, or of perſons ſuſpected of hereſy, was growing into diſuſe. Martin the fifth, in his bull, excommunicated all heretical ſects, eſpecially Wickliffites and Huſſites; but made no mention of thoſe who read their books, though many of them were then every where circulated. Leo the tenth, when he condemned Luther, prohibited at the ſame time, on pain of excommunication, the keeping and the reading of his books. The ſucceeding pontiffs, in the bull called *in cœna*, having condemned and excommunicated all heretics, did, together with them, excommunicate alſo thoſe who read their books. This produced greater confuſion, becauſe the heretics not being condemned by name, the books would be diſcovered rather by the quality of the doctrine contained in them, than by the names of their authors. Now the quality of the doctrine contained could not be known till the book was read, and conſequently, till the excommunication was incurred, if the doctrine was heretical. Beſides, the doctrine might appear very different to different readers. Hence aroſe innumerable ſcruples in the minds of thoſe weak but conſcientious perſons, who paid an implicit deference to the authority of the church. The inquiſitors, who were more diligent than others, made catalogues of ſuch as came to their knowledge, which, however, as the copies taken of thoſe catalogues were not collated, did not entirely remove the difficulty. King Philip of Spain was the firſt who gave them a more convenient form, having enacted a law in 1558, that the catalogue of books, prohibited by the Spaniſh inquiſition, ſhould be printed. After this example, Paul the fourth, ordered the inquiſition in Rome to prepare, and cauſed to be printed, an index of books proper to be forbidden, which was executed in the following year 1559. In this they proceeded much further than had ever been done before, and laid the foundations of a very curious ſyſtem of policy, for maintaining and exalting, to the utmoſt, the authority of the court of Rome, by depriving men of the knowledge neceſſary for defending themſelves againſt her uſurpations.

Hitherto the prohibition had been confined to the books of heretics, nor had any book been prohibited whoſe author had not been condemned. They now judged it expedient to go more boldly to work. Accordingly, the new index, which, from its known purpoſe, came to be called *Index Expurgatorius*, was divided into three parts. The firſt contained the names of thoſe authors, whoſe whole works, whether the ſubject were ſacred or profane, were forbidden; and in this number are included not only thoſe who have profeſſed a doctrine contrary to that of Rome, but even many who continued all their life, and died in her communion. In the ſecond part were contained the names of particular books which are condemned, though other books of the ſame authors be not. In the third, beſide ſome

anonymous writings ſpecified, there is one general rule, whereby all thoſe books are forbidden, which do not bear the author's name, publiſhed ſince the year 1519. Nay, many authors and books are condemned, which for three hundred, two hundred, or one hundred years, had paſſed through the hands of all the men of letters in the church, and of which the Roman pontiffs had been in the knowledge of for ſo long a time without finding fault. Nay, what is ſtill more extraordinary, ſome modern books were included in the prohibition, which had been printed in Italy, even in Rome, with the approbation of the inquiſitors, nay, of the pope himſelf, ſignified by his brief accompanying the publication. Of this kind are the annotations of Eraſmus on the New Teſtament, to which Leo the tenth, after having read them, gave his approbation in a brief, dated at Rome 1518. Above all, it is worthy of notice, that under colour of faith and religion, thoſe books are prohibited, and their authors condemned, wherein the authority of princes and civil magiſtrates is defended againſt the uſurpations of the court of Rome; and thoſe wherein are diſcloſed the tyranny and hypocriſy with which, under pretence of religion, the people is abuſed either by deceit, or by violence. In brief, a better expedient was never deviſed, (had it been a little more capable of being carried into effect) for employing religion, ſo as to diveſt men not only of all knowledge, but of every veſtige of rationality. So far did the Roman inquiſition, at that time, proceed, that they made a liſt of ſixty-two printers, prohibiting all the books printed by them, of whatever author, ſubject, or language, with an additional clauſe ſtill more comprehenſive, to wit, and 'all books printed by *ſuch like* printers, who have printed the books of heretics.' In conſequence of which, there hardly remained any books to read. Nay, to ſhow the incredible exceſs of their rigour, the prohibition of every book, contained in the catalogue, was on pain of excommunication to the reader *ipſo facto*, reſerving to the pope the power of inflicting the deprivation of offices, and benefices, incapacitation, perpetual infamy, and other arbitrary pains. Thus was the court of Rome, in defence, as was falſely pretended, of the doctrine of Chriſt, but in reality of her own deſpotiſm, as the Turks and Saracens, in defence of the ſuperſtition of the impoſtor Mahomet, engaged in a war againſt literature and knowledge, tending evidently to the extermination of arts and ſciences, and to the transformation of men, in every thing but external form, into brutes. And with equal reaſon was this the aim of both mahometaniſm and popery. Falſe religion, of every kind, muſt be a mortal enemy to knowledge; for nothing is more certain, than that knowledge is a mortal enemy to all falſe religion.—

In regard to the expedient, of which I have been treating, the prohibition of books by an *index expurgatorius*, there ſeem to have been two capital errors in Rome's method of managing this affair, notwithſtanding her political wiſdom. But nothing human is on all ſides perfect. One was, that ſhe was ſome centuries too late in adopting this meaſure. It would be difficult to ſay what might have been effected, had the attempt been earlier made, and ſupported with her uſual firmneſs. The other error was, that things had proceeded too far for ſo violent a remedy. Had leſs been attempted, more would have been attained. The inquiſitors, in the true ſpirit of their calling, and in compliance with the impetuous temper of the reigning pontiff, breathed nothing but extirpation and perdition. They had not ſo much knowledge of legiſlation as to perceive, that when a certain point is exceeded in the ſeverity of the laws, they are actually enfeebled by what was intended to invigorate them. Hardly was there a man that could read, who was not involved in the excommunication by an act ſo extravagant. Nor could any thing render the ſentence more contemptible,

or prove a greater bar to its execution, than its being made thus to comprehend almoſt every body.

This error was quickly perceived. Recourſe was had, not without effect, to Paul's ſucceſſor, Pius the fourth, who, being a man of more temper than his predeceſſor, remitted to the council of Trent, then ſitting, the conſideration of the affair. They, accordingly, committed to ſome of the fathers and doctors the examination of ſuſpected books, and the reviſal and correction of that abſurd act of pope Paul, acknowledging that it had produced ſcruples, and given cauſe for complaints. Since that time, the prohibitory laws, though, in other reſpects, far from being more moderate, have avoided the moſt exceptionable of thoſe indefinite and comprehenſive clauſes complained of in the former; and I ſuſpect, have by conſequence proved more effectual, at leaſt in Italy and Spain, in retarding the progreſs of knowledge.

Rome has obſtructed the progreſs of knowledge, not only by ſuppreſſing altogether books not calculated to favour her views, but by reprinting works, which had too great a currency for them to ſuppreſs, mutilated and groſsly adulterated. Thoſe editions, when they came abroad, being for the moſt part neatly, many of them elegantly, printed, and well executed, were ignorantly copied by the printers of other countries, who knew not their defects. In this way thoſe corruptions have been propagated. Beſides, Rome wants not her inſtruments in moſt countries, proteſtant as well as popiſh, ſuch as prieſts and confeſſors, who are always ready to lend their aſſiſtance in forwarding her views. Hence it is often rendered extremely difficult to diſtinguiſh the genuine editions from the ſpurious. For let it be obſerved, that their viſitors of books do not think it enough to cancel whatever diſpleaſes them in the authors they examine: they even venture to foiſt in what they judge proper, in the room of what they have expunged. In the year 1607, the *Index Expurgatorius*, publiſhed at Rome, ſpecified and condemned all the obnoxious places in certain authors, which were judged worthy to be blotted out. This, to thoſe who poſſeſs that index, ſhows plainly what the things were which, in ſeveral authors of reputation, were either altered or raſed. But ſuch indexes, which, in the hands of a critic, would prove extremely uſeful for reſtoring old books to their primitive purity and integrity, are now to be found only in the libraries of a very few, in the ſouthern parts of Europe. Whether there be any of them in this iſland, I cannot ſay. But the conſequence of the freedom, above related, which has been taken by the court of Rome with Chriſtian writers of the early ages, (for it luckily did not anſwer their purpoſe to meddle with the works of pagans) has rendered it, at this day, almoſt impoſſible to know the real ſentiments of many old authors of great name, both eccleſiaſtics and hiſtorians; there being of ſeveral of them ſcarcely any addition extant at preſent, except thoſe which have been ſo miſerably garbled by the court of Rome, or, which amounts to the ſame thing, editions copied from thoſe which they had vitiated by their interpolations and corrections.

But what would appear the moſt incredible of all, if the act were not ſtill in being, pope Clement the eighth, in the year 1595, in his catalogue of forbidden books, publiſhed a decree, that all the books of catholic authors, written ſince the year 1515, ſhould be corrected, not only by retrenching what is not conformable to the doctrine of Rome, but alſo by adding what may be judged proper by the correctors.—

The reaſon why the year 1515, is particularly ſpecified, as that after which the writings, even of Roman catholics, were to undergo a more ſtrict examination and ſcrutiny than any publiſhed by ſuch before, is plainly this; it was in the year immediately following, that Luther began to declaim againſt indulgences, which

proved the firſt dawn of the reformation. His preachings and publications produced a very hot controverſy. Now many of thoſe who defended what was called the catholic cauſe, and ſtrenuouſly maintained the perfect purity of the church's doctrine, did not heſitate to acknowledge corruptions in her diſcipline, and particularly in the conduct of Rome, which needed to be reformed. They affected to diſtinguiſh between the court and the church of Rome, a diſtinction no way palatable to the former. Now it would have been exceedingly imprudent to ſuppreſs thoſe controverſial pieces altogether, eſpecially at that time, when they were univerſally conſidered as being, and in fact were, the beſt defence of the Romiſh cauſe againſt the incroachments of proteſtantiſm, and the reformation. On the other hand, the conceſſions made in them, in regard to diſcipline, and the court of Rome, and the diſtinctions they contained, bore an aſpect very unfavourable to Roman deſpotiſm. Hence the determination of correcting them, not only by expunging what was not reliſhed at court, but by altering and inſerting whatever was judged proper to alter, or inſert, by the ruling powers of the church. Authors had been often falſified before, and made to ſay what they never meant, nay, the reverſe of what they actually ſaid: but of a falſification ſo imprudently conducted, this of pope Clement was the firſt example. Their interpolations, however, of the works even of Roman catholics, though not ſo avowedly made, have by no means been confined to thoſe who have written ſince the year 1515. Platina, a writer of the fifteenth, and therefore, of the former century, who gave the world a hiſtory of the popes, though far from being unfavourable to the pretenſions of Rome, has not eſcaped unhurt their jealous vigilance. For though he had ſaid very little, as Bower well obſerves, that could be ſuſpected of being any way offenſive, that *very little* has been thought too much. Accordingly, he has been taught, in all the editions of his work, ſince the middle of the ſixteenth century, to ſpeak with more reſerve, and to ſuppreſs, or diſguiſe, ſome truths which he had formerly told.

Hence it happens, that in regard to all the books which have paſſed through the hands of Roman licencers, or inquiſitors, we can conclude nothing from what we find in them, in regard to the ſentiments of their authors, but ſolely in regard to the ſentiments of Rome, to an exact conformity to which, it was judged neceſſary, that by all poſſible methods of ſqueezing and wrenching, maiming and interpolating, they ſhould be brought. Nor has the reviſal been confined to books written on religious ſubjects, but extended to all ſubjects, politics, hiſtory, works of ſcience, and of amuſement. Nay, what is more, the pope came at laſt to claim it as an excluſive privilege, to prohibit, and to licence, not for Rome only, and the eccleſiaſtical ſtate, but for all Chriſtendom, at leaſt for all the countries wherein his authority is acknowledged, inſiſting that what he prohibits, no prince whatever, even in his own dominions, dares licence, and what he licences, none dares prohibit. The firſt of theſe has been generally conceded to him, though not perhaps punctually obeyed.

The ſecond occaſioned a violent ſtruggle in the beginning of the laſt century, between the pope and the king of Spain, on occaſion of a book written by cardinal Baronius, containing many things in derogation of that monarch's government and title, and traducing, with much aſperity, many of his anceſtors, the kings of Arragon. The book was licenced at Rome, but prohibited in the Spaniſh dominions. The monarch ſtood firm in his purpoſe, and the pope thought fit to drop the controverſy, but not to renounce the claim. This Rome never does, actuated by a political maxim formerly ſuggeſted, of which ſhe has often availed herſelf when a proper opportunity appeared.

ON THE LADIES' DRESS.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

SIR,

THE ready attention you were pleaſed to give to my letter on this ſubject, induces me to offer a few more, chiefly hiſtorical remarks, on the ſame. In my laſt, I contended that dreſs was not naturally *neceſſary*. I concluded with accounting for it on the principle of the love of ornament, or dreſs.

Taking it for granted then, that the love of dreſs is a natural appetite, we may reaſonably conclude, that it began to ſhow itſelf at a very early period of antiquity; but in what manner it was firſt exerted, and what materials originally offered themſelves for its gratification, are ſubjects of which we know but little: the firſt garment mentioned by hiſtory, was compoſed of leaves ſewed together, but with what they were ſewed, we have no account; from this hint, it is reaſonable to preſume, that mankind, in the firſt ages, made uſe of ſuch materials for dreſs as nature preſented, and needed the leaſt preparation. Strabo tells us, that ſome nations made uſe of the barks of trees, others of herbs or reeds, rudely woven together: but of all other materials, the ſkins of animals ſeem to have been the moſt univerſally uſed in the ages we are conſidering; but being then ignorant of the method of making thoſe ſkins flexible, by the art of tanning, or of ſeparating the hair from them, they wore them in the ſame ſtate, in which they came from the bodies of the animals: finding them, however, cumberſome and inconvenient in this condition, it is natural to ſuppoſe, that they ſoon applied themſelves to diſcover ſome method of rendering them more pliable, and better adapted to their purpoſes; but when or where they diſcovered this method is uncertain.

The ancient annals of China inform us, that Tchinfang, one of their firſt kings, taught them to prepare the ſkins of animals for garments, by taking off the hair with a wooden roller; but even after the ſkins of animals were, by the various methods practiſed in different countries, rendered ſomething more convenient, they were not naturally adapted to form a neat and commodious covering for the human body; many of them were too little, others too large; thoſe that were too large, it was an eaſy matter to make leſs at pleaſure; but thoſe that were too little, could not be enlarged without the art of ſewing them together; an art, which a great part of mankind were long in diſcovering.

Thread does not appear to have been among the moſt early inventions, as we may ſuppoſe from finding many ſavage nations at this day without it; and without thread, they could do nothing. Heſiod tells us, that, inſtead of thread, the ancients uſed the ſinews of animals dried, and ſplit into ſmall fibres. Thorns, ſharp bones, and the like, ſupplied the place of needles, and of thoſe rude materials; and in this rude manner were the clothes, or rather coverings, of the firſt ages made; but we muſt obſerve, that they were not fitted to the body as at preſent; but all looſe and nearly of an equal ſize; a circumſtance ſtrongly proved by the many changes of raiment, which were in the poſſeſſion of the great, and of which they made preſents to ſuch as they were inclined to honour, and in which they uſed to clothe the gueſts who came to viſit them; purpoſes which they never could have anſwered, had they been all exactly fitted to the body of the original owner; but this circumſtance is alſo further proved from the clothing of thoſe nations, which retain ſtill the ſtrongeſt traces of antiquity. The garments of the Welch, and Scotch

Highlanders, are, at this day, ſo wide and looſe, that they may eaſily be applied to the uſe of any wearer.

As ſociety began to improve, and the ſexes became more ambitious of rendering themſelves agreeable to each other, they endeavoured to diſcover ſuch materials as could be made into garments of a more commodious and agreeable nature, than the leaves or bark of trees, or the ſkins of animals; and their firſt efforts were probably made upon camel's hair; a material which they ſtill work up into clothing in the eaſt. From camel's hair, the tranſition to wool was eaſy and natural; and it would ſoon be found, that either of them formed a covering, not only more pliable, warm, and ſubſtantial, but alſo more elegant, than any thing they had before been accuſtomed to. At what period they firſt invented the art of converting theſe materials into garments is uncertain: all we know is, that it was very early: for in the patriarchal ages, we are told of the great care taken by the inhabitants of Paleſtine and Meſopotamia, in ſheering their ſheep; the wool of which they had no doubt the art of making into covering and into ornament.

In the days of Abraham, the art of ornamenting the body with various materials, was far from being unknown to many of the Aſiatic nations; they had then jewels of ſeveral kinds, as well as veſſels of gold and ſilver; we find Rebecca afterward in poſſeſſion of perfumed garments, which ſhe put on her ſon Jacob, to enable him to cheat his father, by paſſing himſelf upon him for his brother Eſau. Perfumes and odours muſt then have been introduced, and when they had arrived at the luxury of perfuming their apparel, we may conclude, that the modes of dreſſing in thoſe days, were not ſo plain and ſimple as ſome would endeavour to perſuade us. But notwithſtanding all this finery, the people of the primitive ages were not acquainted with the art of dreſſing gracefully; their upper garment was only a piece of cloth, in which they wrapped themſelves; nor had they any other contrivance to keep theſe firm about them, than by holding them under their bodies. In the patriarchal ages, the Iſraelites had advanced a few ſteps beyond the ſimplicity we have now deſcribed; they had garments made with ſleeves, and cloaks which they threw over all; but their ſhoes were like thoſe of the neighbouring nations, only compoſed of pieces of leather, to defend the ſoles of their feet, and faſtened on with thongs. So ſlightly defended, they never could travel on foot, nor hardly ſtir abroad, without having their feet much defiled; it was therefore always neceſſary to waſh them when they got home, a ceremony often mentioned in ſcripture.

Amid all theſe anecdotes of the dreſs of the firſt ages, it is not a little ſurpriſing, that we have no account of what was worn by the women, except the few ornaments belonging to Rebecca. But although we cannot now conjecture what was their dreſs, we are aſſured, that it differed on account of different circumſtances. For Tamar, when ſhe went to ſit by the wayſide, to impoſe herſelf upon Judah for an harlot, was habited in the garments peculiar to a widow, which ſhe put off, and dreſſed herſelf in ſuch as were peculiar to an harlot. Whence it appears, that not only widows and harlots, but perhaps ſeveral other conditions, were diſtinguiſhed from one another by particular dreſſes; a ſtrong proof that dreſs was in theſe periods a circumſtance of no ſmall importance, and generally attended to; for where dreſs is only in its infancy, it is not made uſe of as a badge to diſtinguiſh one perſon from another; but in poliſh nations, it is not only made uſe of to diſtinguiſh rank, but even profeſſions and circumſtances are marked out by it.

That beauty was in all ages the ſubject of praiſe and of flattery, we may infer from the nature of man, as well as learn from the ſongs of the ancient

bards. When women were praiſed, when they were flattered on this ſubject, it was natural for them to wiſh to ſee thoſe charms of which they had heard ſo much; but what all their ingenuity could not diſcover, they were directed to by chance. Some perſon, looking on the clear ſurface of a ſmooth pool, ſaw his own image in water; whether this furniſhed the firſt hint that every poliſhed ſurface would have the ſame effect, or whether chance directed to that diſcovery alſo, is uncertain, but we find the uſe of mirrors in a very early period in Egypt; and from them, probably, the Iſraelites borrowed that art; for mirrors were common among them in their paſſage through the wilderneſs, as appears from Moſes having made his laver of braſs, of the mirrors offered by the women, who attended at the door of the tabernacle. The art of making mirrors of glaſs was not known in theſe days.

The face is the part of the body, where female charms and graces are moſt conſpicuouſly placed; but as none could ſee her own face without the aſſiſtance of art; before the uſe of mirrors, a woman muſt have entirely depended on the relation of others, whether ſhe was beautiful or otherwiſe; or her own dexterity, or the work of her hand-maid, ſhe muſt have reſted the important affair of having her head-dreſs properly adjuſted, and the colour ſuited to her complexion; points in which ſhe might often have been deceived, but which the uſe of a mirror put in her own power to diſcover. Mirrors, therefore, with regard to their utility in female life, may be juſtly reckoned among the moſt valuable of human inventions. What kind of dreſs was uſed for the head in the primitive ages we know not; all we have any account of concerning it is, that on ſome occaſions the women uſed veils. If the dreſs of the head was however as ſimple in its conſtruction, as that of the body, the adjuſting of it would require but little time, and leſs ingenuity.

The ornaments of the head and face, however, are ſubjects of too great importance to be handled at the cloſe of a letter.—Therefore, in the mean time, I remain, ſir, &c.

PHILOGYNES.

JULIA. A RUSSIAN TALE.

JULIA was the ornament of the metropolis.—She appeared, and the men ſaw, and liſtened to her alone, converſed alone with her.—And the women viewed her with malicious ſmiles, and endeavoured, in vain, to find out ſome fault in her, to appeaſe, in ſome degree, their offended ſelf-love.—Julia ſhone faultleſs as the ſun. Envy ſearched a ſpot on her in vain.—Is it neceſſary, after the above, to ſay, that every youth adored Julia, and conſidered it as an honour to be reckoned among her ſlaves?—

Yet Julia loved no one thing except herſelf.—With haughty ſelf-ſufficiency ſhe looked around her, and thought, where is my equal? who is worthy of me? Yet ſhe very wiſely ſuffered not any of theſe thoughts to be perceived; and when ſhe was remarked for beauty and good ſenſe, ſhe was equally admired for her modeſty and talent of diſſimulation, which the women alone poſſeſs in the higheſt degree.

Julia took an attentive ſurvey of her crowd of adorers: At firſt, her view fell on the young Samolubow, who could vie in beauty with Cupid himſelf; moreover he thought on nothing but Julia and the looking glaſs. Next appeared to her again the manly Grabrow—a young hero, who wanted nothing but a Grecian dreſs to be a perfect Mars—as deſerving the preference; and ſometimes, the talkative Puſtolow appeared amiable, who, notwithſtanding his judicial dignity, contended with Veſtris in entrechat, and performed every day, at leaſt ten French calembours. But it laſted not long.—Her choice, at laſt, fell on

young Boris, who was really amiable. In this choice the heart and underſtanding were unanimous. Boris was brought up under the eye of his tender and ſenſible parent, in a foreign country. His head was furniſhed with uſeful and ornamental knowledge, and his heart cheriſhed virtuous precepts.—He was, in perſon, pleaſing, though not literally handſome. His countenance had the nobleſt caſt, and a fine ſoul ſhone from his eyes. He bluſhed, like an innocent girl, at every immodeſt word; ſpoke little, but always ſenſibly and agreeably, ſtrove not to ſhine by his wit and knowledge; and liſtened, at leaſt, patiently—to every body.—Boris loved Julia.—How was it poſſible to avoid loving one ſo amiable and handſome?—but her numberleſs adorers kept him at a diſtance. He regarded her from afar, without ſighing, without laying his hand with melancholy looks on his heart,—in one word, without acting the lover. Nevertheleſs Julia knew he loved her, and ſhe ſoon diſtinguiſhed the modeſt youth from the reſt of her lovers. She encouraged him to approach her with friendly looks and ſmiles, ſhe converſed with him, ſhowed an eſteem for his worth, liſtened to him with attention, and diſcovered a wiſh to ſee him more frequently. 'You will go to the concert to-morrow?—to-morrow you will dine with us?—The time appeared very long to me yeſterday, without you.'—Boris did not belong to the number of thoſe who conſtrued every friendly word or look of a girl into a declaration of love, yet with all his diſcretion, he formed hopes; and was nearly on the point of throwing himſelf at the feet of Julia to require an avowal of her love, and Julia was looking with deſire toward that moment,—when a new phenomenon in the great world appeared on the horizon, and drew univerſal attention.

The young prince Karin, a favourite of nature and fortune, of high rank, rich and handſome, made his *entree* into the world; all eyes turned toward him. He was the talk of the day. Every body praiſed him, principally the women, but eſpecially thoſe to whom he had paid moſt attention, or thoſe whom he had flattered.

In the mean time a report prevailed, that the young prince was perfectly indiffent to female charms, and that Cupid had againſt him in vain emptied his quiver.

All the females of the metropolis now appeared adorned with gold chains, as a ſign of certain victory.

Smiling and careleſs the young ſpark roved about, till he met Julia at a public place. She eclipſed all the females. He was the handſomeſt among the men. 'He muſt fall in love with her,' thought the latter. 'She muſt fall in love with him,' ſaid the former; and every one caſt down their eyes, and gave up all hope. Julia's admirers diſperſed on all ſides, in deſpair. Boris alone did not leave her. He ſpoke to her; but ſhe anſwered him drily, ſhort—Julia was confuſed.

The next day, when Boris called on Julia, a dreadful head-ach prevented her admitting him. The third day he ſaw her at a ball. The young prince ſat next to her, danced with her, converſed with her—Boris was ſaluted civilly,—He was not obſerved. And how was it poſſible he cou'd be—as the prince did not ſit on that ſide?—Poor Boris! you might have been happy; but the moment is paſſed. There now remains nothing to you but—to retire. And he did ſo. He quitted the room, and Julia—with what feelings, may eaſily be imagined. We will alſo quit him; may he weep in ſolitude, and if poſſible learn to forget the lovely inconſtant.

Julia was tranſported with her new conqueſt. Her prince was an Antinous, when ſilent; a Cicero, when he ſpoke; and a demigod, when he ſaid, 'Julia, I love you!'—Nor did he deceive her. He was in reality enamoured of her charms. He could liſten to no concert, if Julia did not ſing; went to no ball where ſhe did

not dance; and viſited no public walk which was not graced with Julias' preſence. He formerly was fond of gaming; but he ſacrificed the cards to Julia. He uſed to ſpend many hours in the day with his Engliſh horſes; but on Julia's account he forgot the horſes. One might perceive his love was ſerious.

Julia was convinced, that the prince could not live without her. It only appeared ſtrange to her, that he always ſpoke of his heart, but never of his hand. Many of her friends already wiſhed her joy of ſuch a bridegroom; but the bridegroom did not explain himſelf more clearly.—At laſt Julia gave him to underſtand how much it ſurpriſed her. The tender prince appeared offended. 'Julia doubt the power of her charms!' exclaimed he with warmth; 'Julia will exchange the ardent god of love, for frigid hymen? The enchanting ſmile of one, for the conſtant wrinkles of the other? A garland of roſes, for the bonds of a ſlave? O Julia! love bears no conſtraint. One word—and the happineſs of two lovers is for ever deſtroyed.'—Julia turned pale at this diſcourſe. The prince perceived that this philoſophy did not pleaſe her—he retreated. 'At leaſt,' ſaid he, 'we will lengthen the time of our courtſhip, as long as we can; for never, never, enchanting Julia, will theſe delightful hours return.' But Julia could not adopt his ſentiments; ſhe was not at reſt, till he had given her his word, to be united with her in the holy bands of wedlock.

After this promiſe, he thought he could take liberties, which even Julia did not deny while he kept them within bounds; but he daily grew more aſſured—and moments occurred where the protector of innocence alone could have reſcued the virtue of Julia.

Julia was ſenſible of her danger, and inſiſted, that the wedding day ſhould be fixed. In the mean time the prince made uſe of all his arts to overcome Julia's fortitude. But in vain!—In thoſe moments, when to all appearance ſhe was on the point of forgetting herſelf, ſhe with a ſtern look, made him keep his diſtance; ſo that at laſt he gave up all hopes of being happy without the name of a huſband.

As Julia awoke one morning, with the thoughts of her beloved prince, ſhe received a billet to the following purport:—'You are charming, Julia—but what is more charming than liberty? It is painful to me to leave you; but the thoughts of an indiſſoluble tie is much more painful for me to indure. The heart bears no conſtraint, and ceaſes to love when it pleaſes. What then are the bands of wedlock, but an inſupportable yoke?—You do not chooſe to love after my manner, for love's ſake alone, as long as the inclination of the heart continues.—Farewell, then! call me faithleſs if you pleaſe,—that I have broken my word;—but it is an old maxim, that the oaths of lovers are written on ſand, which the ſlighteſt breeze effaces. With ſo many amiable qualities, it will not be difficult for you to find a worthy huſband—who, perhaps, may poſſeſs the rare virtue of truth and conſtancy!—There are phœnixes—but I am not one, at leaſt, in that ſenſe. I ſhall, therefore, trouble you no more.—I leave Moſkow. Farewell.

PRINCE KARIN.'

Julia trembled in every joint, and fell into a fainting fit, but her misfortune was known throughout the town the next day.

A fortnight after this affair, Boris announced himſelf. After a little reflection ſhe gave orders to admit him. The good Boris loved. He did not come to ſhame the injured Julia.

Julia was ſatisfied with his viſit. She wiſhed to ſee him again. The tender, affectionate noble heart of Boris, which in the buſtle of the great world ſhe could not have been able to judge of ſo well, as in the confidential converſe of her quiet apartment, made an impreſſion on her. 'Why,' with tears exclaimed ſhe, 'why are not

all men like you? Love would not then be for us the ſource of miſery.'—Boris took advantage of this moment, and Julia promiſed to be his; but under the condition that they ſhould retire from the world. 'The wicked world does not deſerve to witneſs our happineſs;' ſhe ſaid, 'its ridiculous vanity is hateful to me. Let us, dear Boris, retire into the country.' My whole life ſhall be dedicated to your happineſs, incomparable Julia, anſwered Boris. Gladly with you will I live at the extremity of the globe; and never, either by a reproach or complaint, give you cauſe for ſorrow. Your will ſhall be my law. For my happineſs I have to thank you; it is therefore my duty to prevent your wiſhes, and depend ſolely upon you. Boris did not deceive Julia.—The firſt ſix or ſeven weeks paſſed over in the country like a ſerene day. The worthy huſband was happy in the poſſeſſion of his charming wife, and Julia returned his tenderneſs with equal love. An ardent paſſion inſpired both hearts.

The praiſes Julia at firſt beſtowed on a country life grew colder and leſs frequent toward the cloſe of ſummer; but, when penſive autumn took place of the delightful ſummer; as the flowers in the gardens and fields drooped, and the leaves fell from the trees, the birds retired, and it began to be every where lonely and melancholy—ſhe quite loſt all inclination to extol a country life. Boris perceived ſhe began to feel *ennui*. Sighing, he took up a volume of the New Heloiſe, and read to her an extract, on the happineſs of mutual love. Julia liſtened to him with attention, and ſaid 'Charming! but yet, Roſſeau is more followed from imagination than conviction. It were indeed well, if it was to continue ſo. Certainly the bliſs of love is the greateſt of all bleſſings; but can it always remain the ſame? will it ever be an equivalent for all other enjoyment? Ah! the heart of mankind is inſatiable: it always requires novelty—new ideas and impreſſions, which renovate and ſtrengthen its feelings. I believe the moſt ardent love muſt languiſh, and tire at laſt, in ſolitude. Compariſon is required to enhance the worth of a beloved object.'—Boris anſwered, ſighing: 'I thought otherwiſe; however—to morrow we will take a journey to town.'

Julia appeared again on the theatre of the great world, with all the blaze of freſh beauty, riches, and ſplendour. She was received with tranſport, and roſes ſprang up under all her ſteps. One pleaſure chaſed away the other, one diverſion followed the other,—as formerly; with only this difference, that now, as a wife, ſhe could enjoy all the diſſipation of life with much leſs reſtraint than before. She opened her houſe to receive company, and had parties at home, four times at leaſt, in the week. Boris was ſilent, and did every thing ſhe pleaſed. She felt the delicacy of his conduct, and and when alone, rewarded him for it, with the moſt tranſporting careſſes. 'Do you not perceive,' ſaid ſhe with an enchanting ſmile, 'that the pleaſures of town, and the change of object, is a renewal of our love? My heart, haraſſed with the diſſipation of the world, ſo joyfully repoſes itſelf in your embraces.'—Boris ſighed,—but ſo gently it was not heard by Julia.

One evening, when Julia received viſitors, Boris ſaw prince Karin enter among other company. He turned pale, and was violently agitated; but recovered himſelf in a few moments, ſo far as to receive the prince with civility; but he took care to avoid meeting the eyes of Julia during the whole evening, that he might not diſtreſs her; fearing ſhe would read the uneaſineſs of his heart in his looks.

After ſupper, when the company departed and Julia found herſelf alone with Boris, ſhe took his hand and ſaid, ſmiling: 'did you obſerve, my dear Boris, with what cool civility I treated prince Karin? It would have been ridiculous to have ſhut our doors againſt him. Let the indiſcreet fickle

Narciſſus feel, that he is now perfectly indifferent to me, that my former folly has not left one trace in my heart, and that I have no cauſe to fear him.' —Boris kiſſed her hand and owned, that he thought her conduct was very proper.

In a few days, Julia had again company, and the prince came there alſo. He was gay, entertaining, witty, and hardly ſpoke to any one except the miſtreſs of the manſion. With regard to Boris, he hardly noticed him at all; in a word, he played the part of a man of the ton.

At length, he never miſſed being at Julia's houſe. 'What an agreeable houſe,' cried both men and women; 'Julia is an angel,' added one; 'the amiable prince Karin diſpenſes pleaſure around him,' ſaid another. Mean while people began to make obſervations. Some regarded Boris with a ſmile, others with a ſhrug of the ſhoulders. 'What is there to wonder at?' whiſpered one to the other, 'old love is never forgot. And now one is more ſecure.—The huſband is a quiet good ſoul—and all is in a proper train.'

Boris' behaviour toward Julia remained juſt the ſame as uſual; but in her, he ſoon remarked an alteration. She was often abſorbed in thought. Sometimes ſhe turned red, ſometimes pale.—She tried to hide her uneaſineſs, ſometimes would throw herſelf with vehemence around the neck of Boris, appear as if ſhe had ſomething to impart, yet ſay not a word. The prudent Boris alſo remained ſilent. Only when in the duſk, he wandered along his favourite walk, tears ſtreamed from his eyes.

One day, as he returned home toward evening, he haſtened toward his favourite walk. The firſt object which, as he entered it, met his eyes, was prince Karin, who was ſitting with Julia on a graſs bank. Her head reſted on his ſhoulder, and her looks were fixed on the ground. The prince, kiſſing her hand, ſaid:—'You love me! Julia, do you think it right to conform to prejudices?—follow the dictates of your heart,—follow——' Julia heard a ruſtling, and looked round—ſhe ſhuddered as ſhe perceived Boris. But who can deſcribe the feelings of the unhappy huſband?—what ſhould he do?—ſtab the faithleſs being?—ſatiate his vengeance in the blood of the traitreſs, and then turn the ſteel againſt his own boſom?—No!—he certainly had to combat with his rage, but it was only for a moment. He overcame the ſtruggles of his boiling paſſion, and, with a death-like countenance, and eyes lifted toward heaven, he quitted the walk.

On the ſame evening, Julia received from him a letter, the contents of which were as follow:

'I have not forfeited my word.—Not a reproach, not a complaint, has paſſed my lips. I confided to the powers of my affection. I have deceived myſelf, and—ſuffer. After what I have ſeen and heard, we can no longer live together. My preſence ſhall no longer offend you. The rights of a huſband are a yoke, if not lightened by love.—Farewell, Julia! —You are free, madam! you once had a huſband. Perhaps you may never hear of him again.—The ocean will divide us.—I forſake my native country and my friends.—The bitter remembrance alone of my miſery will be my companion.—In the packet which accompanies this, you will find a deed which places you in poſſeſſion of my fortune.—With that, I encloſe the portrait of *my late wife*—yet, no! from that I cannot part.—I will converſe with it, as with the ſhadow of a departed friend—as with the laſt and only beloved object of my breaking heart.'

When Julia obſerved Boris in the walk, ſhe ſat ſpeechleſs during a few moments—then followed him precipitately—called him by name ſeveral times; her voice faultered—her limbs trembled—and, leaning on the ſhoulder of the prince, ſhe faintly tottered toward the houſe. Not finding him

there, she covered her face with her hands and threw herself, sobbing, on a sopha. The wily prince in vain attempted to soothe her. She answered him not a word. She opened the letter of Boris, with trembling hands, and having perused it, a stream of tears burst from her eyes. The prince attempted to take the letter from her. 'No,' said she, with a firm voice, 'you do not deserve to read it. A man of honour has written it.—The mist has dispersed.—I despise both you and myself.—You see me now, sir, for the last time.—Seduce others, and then laugh at their folly; only forget and leave me for ever. I will not accuse you further. My thoughtlessness alone deserves to be condemned.—Pleasure in the world you can never want; but from this moment, —you,—and such as yourself—will ever be disgusting to me. I henceforth make a vow, that never more shall daring vice venture to look me in the face.—You may be astonished at this sudden alteration—believe it—or not, just as it is agreeable to you ——to me it is indifferent.'—With these words she quickly disappeared into the next room.—The prince stood as one thunderstruck. At last he burst into a laugh,—either forced or natural,—hurried into his carriage, and drove to the play.——When Julia heard that Boris was gone, without saying where, she immediately quitted the town, and retired into the country. 'Here,' said she, sighing, 'shall my days pass in melancholy solitude;—*here*, where I once might have been happy!—With the best and most affectionate of husbands I left you, dear rural retreat, and *alone*—a sorrowing widow—I return; but still with a heart which prizes virtue. Alas! this alone comforts me, this alone supports me!—Nor ever, holy virtue, will I become unfaithful to you;—ever shall you remain my friend. O! I shall see you, shall embrace your counterpart—in the likeness of my never to be forgotten Boris!—Her tears streamed on the miniature of her husband, which she held in her hand.

Julia, in whom little more was wanting to make a modern Lais, was now a pattern of virtue. In her bosom every idle wish was extinguished, and her whole life was devoted to the remembrance of her beloved husband. She fancied him present—she poured out her soul to him. 'You have forsaken me,' she said, 'and you had a right to do so. I dare not venture to wish your return. I only wish peace to your heart. If the remembrance of your wife tortures you, forget her.—Wherever you are, be happy.—I am encircled with the remembrance of your love. I shall not die with sorrow. No! I will live, that you may still possess one faithful heart. —And perhaps by means of a secret sympathy, even at this distance, you are sensible of my love, and it imparts to your heart new life, new warmth. Perhaps some compassionate genius whispers to you when asleep; 'Boris is not alone in the world.' Your dear eyes open, and far, far off, you perceive the melancholy Julia, whose spirit, whose heart, follows you every where. Perhaps—yet I am wishing, what I dare not——I will love you, though hopeless.'——

There reigned now in Julia's soul a soft pleasing sorrow; every virtuous sentiment is pleasant, and even the hottest tears of repentance are not bitter; for repentance is the dawn of virtue.

Julia found, that she soon should be a mother. A new, a powerful sentiment, pervaded her whole frame. —Should she rejoice or lament?—She could not for a long time arrange her own feelings.—'I shall become a mother?—but the joyful smile of the father will not receive the young suckling: a father's tears will not bedew him! Poor, unfortunate child! an orphan you enter the world, and the first object which meets your eyes, is the picture of sorrow! But—as it pleases Heaven!—A new duty now binds me to live and to suffer. Wel-

come, then, dear child! my heart ſhall love you with two-fold tenderneſs. For your ſake, and through you, I will endeavour to find contentment; thy tender mind ſhall not be impreſſed by complaints and looks of ſorrow. Love alone awaits you in my arms, and the hour of your birth ſhall revive in me a new life.'

She now with the utmoſt zeal, prepared herſelf to fulfil the duty of a mother.—Emile—this book, ſingle in its kind, was never out of her hands. 'I was not a good wife,' ſaid ſhe, ſighing, 'I will at leaſt be a good mother. I will endeavour, by a ſtrict attention to the one duty, to atone for my remiſſneſs in the other.

She bore a ſon, the moſt beautiful infant, at once the image of both father and mother. She felt neither pain or weakneſs. Tranſport ſwallowed up every other feeling. A new ſource of the pureſt, moſt ſacred, and undeſcribable ſenſations, awakened in her heart. Her eyes were never tired of gazing at her infant; her tongue a thouſand times repeated the moſt flattering careſſing epithets. She warmed his young mind with the ardency of her affection, and imparted to his heart the tender ſentiments of her own. Is it neceſſary to add—ſhe ſuckled him herſelf.

The pleaſures of the great world, of which ſhe once thought ſo highly, now appeared to her a deceitful phantom, in compariſon with the real tranſports of maternal love. Alas! ſhe would have been perfectly happy, had not the idea of the ſorrowing Boris lain heavy on her heart.

In the mean time the little Boris bloomed like a roſe. He already ran about the meadows; could ſay, 'I love you, mama!'—Already underſtood, careſſing her tenderly, and drying the tears with his little hands, which ſtreamed from her eyes.

On a delightful day, in the month of May, ſhe walked out with her little Boris. She ſeated herſelf on a green bank, near the road, and while her boy played around her, ſhe drew from her boſom the miniature of Boris, and entered into converſation with it. 'Are you ſtill the ſame?' cried ſhe!' 'Alas! no, certainly not! when you ſat to the painter you looked on me with tenderneſs, was happy and cheerful: and now——' her brow was overcaſt—ſhe ſat ſome time in thought, and at length a gentle ſleep cloſed her eyes.

Julia dreamt that a vaſt ocean rolled its diſtorted, black, and tremendous waves around her. Thunder and lightning increaſed the horror of the ſcene; and a diſmaſted ſhip was toſſed about on the raging billows. Now ſunk in the frightful abyſs, now mounting to the clouds, and now for ever ſwallowed up in the depth of the ocean. Unhappy crew! Julia's feeling heart bled, as ſhe perceived that the impetuous ſurge daſhed a corpſe on the ſhore. She haſtened to aſſiſt the unhappy victim; ſhe endeavoured to recall him to life, and amid theſe occupations ſhe recognized—Boris; —dead—cold—ſhe held him a corpſe in her arms. Trembling and breathleſs ſhe awoke, and—Boris ſtood before her! Full of life and love, he threw himſelf on her boſom never to part from her again.

Boris had travelled about for ſome years. A faithful friend had, in the mean time, acquainted him with every circumſtance concerning Julia. At length, as he could no longer doubt that ſhe loved virtue and himſelf, he haſtened back to his native land, to aſſure his faithful wife he had ever continued to adore her.

Since that time they have continued to live in the country like the happieſt lovers. The reſt of the world is nothing to them. Boris is ever the ſame as he always was—a benevolent man of ſenſe; and Julia proves by her example, that often, under the appearance of youthful levity, the moſt ſublime virtues that adorn a woman lie concealed.

NICHOLAS RIDLEY,

Bishop of London.

LIFE OF DR. NICHOLAS RIDLEY, BISHOP OF LONDON.

With a fine Head, engraved by Hopwood, *from* Vander Werff.

THIS pious and learned martyr, one of the greateſt inſtruments of the reformation, and ornaments of the reformed church, was born of an ancient and worthy family, at Willymondſwyke, in Northumberland. He was educated in grammatical learning at Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne; and in academical at Cambridge, until he became bachelor of arts. He afterward went to Oxford, where he was elected fellow of Univerſity College, in 1521; but he ſoon returned to Cambridge, where he became doctor of divinity, and maſter of Pembroke-hall. He was made chaplain to king Edward VI, conſecrated biſhop of Rocheſter in 1547, and tranſlated to London on the deprivation of Bonner in 1549, and ſuffered martyrdom, by the cruel puniſhment of burning, at Oxford in 1555.

Ridley, of all the reforming divines of that time, approached the neareſt to the church of England, in her preſent purity of doctrines and diſcipline. His notions of eccleſiaſtical polity were high, but in general juſt; and, in the economy of the church, he allowed an equitable regard to the authority of the ſtate. He ſaw, and avoided, but could tolerate the errors of all parties among the reformed; while the dignity, the affability, and the modeſty of his behaviour, gave him a general eſteem with all ranks of men.

The church of Rome, in his time, had laid ſuch a ſtreſs on the indiſpenſible neceſſity of the ſacraments, that the people were taught to believe, that by the very action itſelf, without the inward grace and diſpoſition of the mind, they were ſufficient to juſtification, unleſs the receiver himſelf prevented it; and this ſeems to have given riſe to the homilies about juſtification. If the reformers who oppoſed this notion, and who thought that men were juſtified by the internal acts of the mind, had ſtopped at this, the controverſy would have been managed with much more advantage, which was in a great meaſure loſt by deſcending to unſcriptural and more minute ſubtleties. Public diſputations were held in both univerſities, between the reformers and papiſts, concerning the real preſence of Chriſt in the ſacrament: Ridley was ſent to Cambridge, with ſome other delegates, where a diſputation was held for three days together, to prove, that tranſubſtantiation was not to be found in the plain and manifold words of ſcripture, nor could neceſſarily be collected from it, nor confirmed by the conſent of the ancient fathers; and that there is no other ſacrifice and oblation in the Lord's Supper, than a remembrance of Chriſt's death, and thankſgiving. The debate was ſummed up with a great deal of temper and learning by biſhop Ridley, in a ſtrong determination againſt the corporal preſence. The truth is, he was then maſter of that ſubject more than any man of the age; for having met with a book of Bertram's in the ninth century, in which he, who was much eſteemed, had confuted this notion of the preſence of Chriſt's real fleſh and blood in the ſacrament, the biſhop concluded that it was not the ancient doctrine of the church, but had been introduced with other errors and ſuperſtitions in the later centuries. He communicated this diſcovery to his friend archbiſhop Cranmer, and they ſet themſelves to examine it with more than common care; making great collections out of the fathers, and other ancient writers, to prove the novelty and the abſurdity of the opinion. They ſhowed, that all the high expreſſions which were to be found in Chryſoſtom, and other ancient writers on this ſubject, were only ſtrains and figures of eloquence, to raiſe the devotion of the people in this holy cere-

mony; though the following ages had built their opinion on theſe expreſſions, and were diſpoſed to believe every thing the more readily as it appeared void of all belief. But this opinion of the real preſence having been ſo generally received in England, above three hundred years, theſe eminent reformers proceeded gradually in diſcuſſing it, that the people might be better diſpoſed to receive what they intended afterward to eſtabliſh.

Ridley aſſiſted Cranmer, in the firſt edition of the Liturgy, or Common Prayer, which was publiſhed in 1548. He was ranked with Cranmer, Hooper and Ferrars, among thoſe called the zealous proteſtants, in oppoſition to Gardiner, Tunſtall and Bonner, who were called zealous papiſts.

Ridley printed the injunctions, which he had ſet forth for the viſitation of his dioceſe; and they clearly ſhew the progreſs that the reformation had then made in England. They particularly injoined, that none ſhould receive the communion, but ſuch as ſhould be ready with meekneſs to confeſs the articles of the creed upon requeſt of the curate; that the Homilies ſhould be read orderly, without omiſſion of any part thereof; and that the Common-prayer be read in every church upon Wedneſdays and Fridays: that none ſhould maintain purgatory, invocation of ſaints, the ſix articles, bead-rolls, pilgrimages, relics, rubrics, primers, juſtification of man by his own works, holy bread, pſalms, aſhes, candles, creeping to the croſs, hallowing of fire, of altars, or ſuch like abuſes.

The king was under a viſible decay, and biſhop Ridley preached before him, toward the latter end of his ſickneſs. The biſhop enlarged much in his ſermon on the good effects of charity; and the king was ſo moved with what he ſaid, that immediately after the ſermon he ſent for the biſhop, whom he commanded to ſit down and be covered. His majeſty reſumed the heads of the diſcourſe, and ſaid his lordſhip muſt give ſome directions how he might acquit himſelf of his duty. The biſhop, aſtoniſhed at ſo much tenderneſs and ſenſibility in ſo young a prince, burſt into tears; but deſired time to conſider of the particular channel, in which the royal charity ſhould be directed; and that the king would give him leave to conſult the lord-mayor and aldermen about it. His majeſty accordingly wrote them a letter by the biſhop, who returned to him with a ſcheme of three foundations; one for the ſick and wounded; another for ſuch as were wilfully idle, or mad; and a third for orphans; and his majeſty endowed St. Bartholomew's hoſpital for the firſt, Bridewell for the ſecond, and the Grey-friar's church (now Chriſt's hoſpital) for the third.

The king died in 1553, and was ſucceeded by his ſiſter Mary, whoſe reign was polluted with the blood of many martyrs, of whom, Ridley was one of the chief. The queen was a rigid papiſt, and cauſed lady Jane Grey to be beheaded, who openly profeſſed the proteſtant religion, and to whom Edward had conveyed the crown by his will. The duke of Northumberland and his ſon, and the duke of Norfolk and his brother, were alſo beheaded for attempting to place that moſt excellent lady on the throne; and biſhop Ridley was ſent to the Tower, among others, whom Mary was determined to ſacrifice to her ſafety or vengeance.

This bigotted princeſs, at the ſame time, releaſed Gardiner and Bonner, out of the Tower, and employed them to deſtroy what was built up of the reformation. The maſs was reſtored, the proteſtants inhumanly perſecuted, and ſeveral laws enacted for reeſtabliſhing popery. The parliament revived the ſtatutes againſt hereſy; and the queen commiſſioned Gardiner as her bloody inſtrument, for the extirpation of what ſhe called hereſy. He was particularly ordered to purge the churches of all married prieſts and biſhops: in conſequence of which four biſhops were deprived for marriage,

as alſo three for preaching erroneous doctrines; and of ſixteen thouſand of the inferior clergy then in England, twelve thouſand were turned out for having wives.

As Gardiner was bent on forcing the proteſtants into the pale of the Romiſh church, he began with exerting his rage againſt the biſhops, and the moſt eminent divines. The biſhops Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, and Ferrars, were all impriſoned, and all ſuffered martyrdom, which cauſed an univerſal conſternation, and ſome of the popiſh biſhops themſelves ſeemed aſhamed of theſe barbarities.

The convocation was adjourned, and removed to Oxford, that the diſpute with the proteſtant divines might be held before the whole univerſity. To give a colour of juſtice to this conference, archbiſhop Cranmer, and the biſhops Ridley and Latimer, were ſent from the Tower of London, to the priſon at Oxford, where they were ill accommodated, denied the convenience of their books and papers, the converſation of each other, and any mutual aſſiſtance in the conference; for each was to have his day ſeparate from the others. To theſe three prelates, under ſuch diſadvantages, a committee from the convocation and the two univerſities were to be oppoſed. The queen ſent her precept to the mayor and bailiffs of Oxford, to bring the priſoners into the public ſchools, at the times appointed for the diſputations; calling Ridley, a doctor, and Latimer, only clerk. It was intended to expoſe theſe great prelates to inſolence and abuſe. 'This diſputation,' ſays Fuller in his quaint way, 'was intended as a preparative or prologue to the tragedy of theſe biſhops' deaths; as it were to dry their bodies the more aforehand, that afterward they might burn the clearer and brighter for the ſame.'

The government and clergy, at this time, are charged with the moſt infernal proceedings. The queen was married to Philip of Spain, and imagined herſelf pregnant: but ſhe declared, that ſhe could not be delivered till the heretics, who now filled all the jails about London, were burnt; while the clergy and council of England were to be the executioners of the bloody purpoſe. 'All the nation ſeemed to be in a blaze from perſecuting flames,' and three martyrs have juſtly deſerved the notice of hiſtorians, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer.

Commiſſions for trying them were directed to three biſhops and ſeveral others; but the impriſoned prelates, at their different appearances, refuſed to acknowledge the papal authority. Cranmer was brought out firſt before the committee. The next was Ridley, who began with a ſolemn declaration, that though he was once of another opinion than what he was of at preſent, yet he had not changed it from any worldly conſideration, but merely the love of truth; and ſince it was the cauſe of God he was now to maintain, he proteſted that he would have leave to add to, or alter, any argument, as he ſhould ſee cauſe for it; and deſired he might be permitted to ſpeak without interruption. All this was promiſed him, but not complied with; and, though all the committee aſſailed him by turns, even ſometimes four or five at once, he maintained his ground, till the prolocutor put an end by ſaying, 'You ſee the obſtinate, vainglorious, crafty and inconſtant mind of this man; but you alſo ſee the force of truth cannot be ſhaken; therefore, cry out with me, truth has the victory.'

The three biſhops were adjudged to be obſtinate heretics, and declared to be no longer members of the church; to which they all objected. Ridley told the commiſſioners, 'that although he was not of their company, yet he doubted not but his name was written in another place, whither this ſentence would ſend him ſooner than by the courſe of nature he ſhould have gone.'

The priſoners were then parted, and conducted to their ſeparate priſons; where Ridley wrote a letter to

the prolocutor, complaining of the noiſy and irregular manner with which the diſpute was carried on; wherein he had not the liberty of making a full defence, nor of uſing his arguments at length, being overpowered with clamour; and the indecent abuſe of four or five opponents at a time: he deſired, however, that he might have a copy of what the notaries had ſet down; which was not granted.

Ridley and Latimer refuſed to recant, or to renounce their reaſon upon the unintelligible jargon of a popiſh euchariſt, the common watchword for legal murders in thoſe days, and they were delivered over to the ſecular arm. The biſhops of Glouceſter, Lincoln, and Briſtol, were ſent to Oxford, to proceed againſt them. When the commiſſion was read, and it appeared that the judges proceeded in the name of the pope, Ridley put on his cap, and refuſed to pay any reverence to thoſe who acted by ſuch a commiſſion. Latimer alſo proteſted againſt the papal authority; and being both accuſed of the opinions which they had maintained in the public ſchools a year and a half before, were allowed till the next morning to conſider, whether they would retract, or perſevere in them. Both adhered to the anſwers they had already made, and the next morning they were pronounced guilty of hereſy, degraded from prieſts' orders, and conſigned over to the ſecular magiſtrate to be puniſhed.

Great attempts were made to perſuade Ridley to accept of the queen's mercy, which he refuſed, and a warrant was ſent down for the execution of him and Latimer. They ſuffered on the 16th of October 1555, on the north ſide of Oxford, in the ditch oppoſite Balliol college. When they came up to the ſtake, they embraced each other with great affection; and Ridley, with an air of pleaſure, ſaid to Latimer, 'Be of good heart, brother; for God will either aſſuage the fury of the flame, or elſe enable us to abide it.' They were not permitted to ſpeak in anſwer to a long ſermon preached by one Smith, unleſs they would recant. To this Ridley replied, that he would never deny his Lord, nor the truths of which he was perſuaded, but 'God's will be done.' He ſaid, he had received fines when he was biſhop of London, for leaſes which were now voided, and deſired that the queen might give order, either that the leaſes might be made good, or the fines reſtored to the tenants out of the effects he had left behind him, which were more than ſufficient for that purpoſe.—After this, they were ordered to fit themſelves for the ſtake; ſome gunpowder was hung about their necks to haſten their deaths, a great act of mercy in thoſe days, and the fire was put to the wood. The powder took fire with the firſt flame, which inſtantly put Latimer out of his pain; but there was ſo much wood thrown on the fire where Ridley was, that the flame could not break through it; ſo that his legs were almoſt conſumed before it was obſerved; and then a paſſage being made to the flame, it put an end to his life in the fifty-fifth year of his age. The ſtation which both theſe martyrs had held, the regularity of their lives, the peaceableneſs of their tempers, their age, and their behaviour at the ſtake, raiſed great commiſeration in the ſpectators, and ſent them home greatly diſpleaſed with thoſe who had brought them to this end.

Ridley's fine parts, and his great improvements in all the branches of literature neceſſary to a divine, gave him the firſt rank in his profeſſion; and his life was anſwerable to his knowledge. He was of an eaſy obliging temper; and though he wanted not a proper ſpirit to ſupport his character, or to do himſelf juſtice againſt the great and powerful; yet he was always ready to forgive any injuries or offences. His zeal for religion did not ſhow itſelf in promoting ſeverities againſt thoſe who differed from him; but in diligently explaining the parts that were miſunderſtood, and ſhewing their foundation in ſcripture and anti-

quity. The greatneſs of his mind was not only ſhewn in the candour and charity of his ſentiments; he did good offices for thoſe who differed from him; he was a great benefactor to the poor; he expended his revenue in a way becoming a biſhop; he maintained and treated Heath, the deprived biſhop of Worceſter, for a year and a half, in the ſame ſplendour as though Fulham houſe had been his own; and Bonner's mother, who merited nothing on her own account, dined always there at the table with him, while her ſon was in the Tower. The reformation was greatly indebted to his zeal and learning while he lived, as well as to his courage and conſtancy at his death: for of all who ſerved the altar of the church of England, he bore, perhaps, the moſt uſeful teſtimony, both in life and death, to her doctrine.

He received his learning at Cambridge, Paris and Louvain. He was a perſon ſmall in ſtature, ſays Anthony Wood, but great in learning, and profoundly read in divinity. Among ſeveral things that he wrote, were theſe, 'A Treatiſe concerning Images, not to be ſet up, nor worſhipped in Churches. A brief Declaration of the Lord's Supper. A Treatiſe of the bleſſed Sacrament. A piteous Lamentation of the miſerable State of the Church of England, at the Time of the late Revolt from the Goſpel. A Compariſon between the comfortable Doctrine of the Goſpel, and the Traditions of popiſh Religion.' He had a hand alſo in compiling the Common Prayer-book; and in diſputations and conferences about matters of religion.

In memory of the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer, a narrow, oblong, white ſtone is placed on the outſide of Balliol college, Oxford, over againſt the maſter's lodgings, in the pathway between the college and the ſtreet. This is the exact ſpot on which they ſuffered.

MEMORABILIA OF OCTOBER.

The fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over ſhade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk and dun,
Of ev'ry hue, from wan declining green,
To ſooty dark.

THIS is, in chronology, the eighth month of Romulus' year, which the name implies, but the tenth in the calendar of Numa, Julius Ceſar, &c. The ſenate gave this month the name *Fauſtinus*, in compliment to *Fauſtina*, the wife of the emperor Antoninus; Commodus would have it called *Invictus*; and Domitian named it *Domitianus*; but in ſpite of all their attempts it ſtill retains its original name. This month was ſacred to Mars, and under his protection. *October Equus* was a horſe annually ſacrificed to Mars in the month of October, either becauſe the horſe is a warlike animal, or to puniſh him for the taking of Troy. A race was run with chariots, drawn by two horſes, previous to the ſacrifices, and he that ran quickeſt was adjudged to be the victim.

In the hiſtory of nations, battles are unfortunately the leading *events*. Valour and victory are the grand and ſtriking prominencies of hiſtory. The earlieſt we find to have occurred in October, is the battle of Salamis, when Themiſtocles, with a very inferior force, diſperſed and nearly deſtroyed the fleet of Xerxes. The next is, to *us* the more memorable battle of Haſtings, gained by William duke of Normandy, afterward named William the Conqueror, a battle which ſeemed worthy, by the heroic valour

diſplayed by both armies, and by both commanders, to decide the fate of a mighty kingdom.—The battle of Agincourt, in the ſame month, in the reign of Henry v, was yet, however, more creditable to Engliſh valour, and a moſt ſignal victory over the French. No battle was ever more fatal to them, from the number of princes and nobility ſlain, or taken priſoners.—To theſe we may add the naval engagement off Lepanto, in the ſixteenth century, between the Venetians and Turks, the moſt remarkable in the hiſtory of the latter who loſt in it thirty thouſand men.—Sir George Rooke, on the 12th of this month, in the beginning of the preſent century, gained a moſt important victory over the French and Spaniſh fleets at Vigo, and took ſeveral men of war, and abundance of valuable treaſure.

Lord Duncan's ſplendid victory over the Dutch is among the events of this month, and, although too recent to require detail, comes opportunely enough to relieve the mind of the writer from the pain of being obliged to add how fatal October was to the Engliſh in America, by the ſurrender of the armies of Burgoyne and Cornwallis.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle took place in this month, and another event of a more ſingular nature, the revocation of the edict of Nantz. This edict was publiſhed in 1598, by Henry IV of France, to ſecure the proteſtants in the exerciſe of their religion. It was revoked in 1685, by Lewis XIV, and drove the proteſtants out of France into England, Holland, &c. The deſcendants of theſe proſecuted men are now the chief inhabitants of that large diſtrict in the metropolis, known by the name of Spitalfields. 'The great population of this part of the town,' ſays Mr. Pennant, 'was owing to the *bleſſed* proſecutions of the Hugonots (ſo the proteſtants were called) in the reign of *Louis le Grand*; who ſent thouſands of his induſtrious ſubjects into our kingdom, to transfer to his bittereſt enemies the arts and manufactures of his own kingdom.'

Of illuſtrious *births* there occur only four, and of very different ſpecies of merit; Virgil, the Roman poet; and Eraſmus, whoſe voluminous writings have given great celebrity to his name. But he was, as well characterized by a recent author, a man of a ſtudious turn and timid ſpirit; and however much his mind inclined toward the reformation, his dread of conſequences bent him as much to the other ſide, and kept him ſuſpended between the attracting magnets. Thus, feared by both parties, cordially loved by neither, ſuſpected by all, he obtained not the favour of Rome, but was left to languiſh in indigence; and he ſhared none of the glory of the reformation, by meanly ſhrinking from the croſs. A great man, a good man and an admired man; but not daring to take a decided part, he remained the victim of his own cautious timidity.

The moſt promiſing of our monarchs, Edward VI, was alſo born in this month, and the moſt renowned of our navigators, captain James Cook.

Our *deaths* are far more numerous, and include ſome truly illuſtrious names. At the head of theſe we will place our Alfred. Both living and dead, ſays Hume, Alfred was regarded by foreigners, no leſs than by his own ſubjects, as the greateſt prince after Charlemagne, that had appeared in Europe during ſeveral ages, and as one of the wiſeſt and beſt that had ever adorned the annals of any nation.—King John, who finiſhed his turbulent reign in this month, would probably have been forgotten, if his name were not neceſſarily connected with the exiſtence of the great charter of our liberties.

Polite literature is ſuppoſed to have ſuffered in this month, by the death of ſir Philip Sidney, whoſe merits have, however, been perhaps too highly eſtimated. A leſs doubtful reputation belongs to Chaucer, who died on the 25th of this month, 1400. As he was

the moſt ancient, it is not too much to add that he was one of the greateſt poets of our nation. It is generally agreed that he was born in London, in the reign of Edward III, and educated at Cambridge. He poſſeſſed at one time a handſome fortune, but loſt it by his adherence to the few followers that had then appeared of Wickliffe.

In this month, Ridley and Latimer, two diſtinguiſhed Engliſh prelates, fell a ſacrifice to the bigotted ſyſtem of the ruthleſs Mary—and in a milder reign, ſir Walter Raleigh fell by a barbarous and illegal proceſs. The firſt condemnation of him, ſays Burnett, was very black; but the executing him after ſo many years, and after an employment that had been given him, was counted a barbarous ſacrificing him to the Spaniards. Poſterity, however, has done ample juſtice to him and to his enemies.

Calmet, one of the moſt eminent divines and writers of the French church, and ſome of whoſe works, particularly his voluminous dictionary of the bible, are well known in this country, died in this month; and nearly contemporary, our very celebrated John Locke, on whoſe character panegyric has exhauſted itſelf, and even by thoſe who differ from him in ſome of his political tenets, he muſt ever be conſidered as one of the wiſeſt men of the age.

Barclay, the celebrated apologiſt for the Quakers; ſir Godfrey Kneller, no leſs celebrated as a painter, and whoſe works are conſidered as the chief portrait-decorations of our palaces; Doddridge, the divine, a writer who though a diſſenter, has obtained and ſtill keeps the favourable opinion of all churchmen, for the uſefulneſs of his writings, and the amiable, prudent, and loyal tenure of his whole life; Kippis, a learned and uſeful writer, and whoſe laſt work was a Life of Doddridge, his 'preceptor, his father and his friend,' are all to be numbered in the obituary of this month.

To theſe we have a ſmall groupe to join, among whom there ſeems a congeniality of humorous talent, Foote, Smollett and Hogarth.—Foote, who could act humour ſo well—Smollett, who deſcribed it ſo naturally—and Hogarth, who brought it cloſe to the eye and comprehenſion of the moſt dull and inſenſible.

Our notice of what are to follow muſt neceſſarily be ſhort. The fate of major André, has been lamented by politicians, and by poets, but it was, we fear, too conſiſtent with the rigorous law of hoſtility.—Lord Keppel, a brave naval officer, and Smeaton, the able engineer; D'Alembert, the moſt renowned name in the catalogue of French writers, and whoſe renown would be without deduction, if we could for a moment prefer the intereſt, of literature to thoſe of human happineſs. None will refuſe the juſt tribute of applauſe to the eminent diſplays of genius, judgment, and true literary taſte, with which, M. D'Alembert has enriched the great work—the French Encyc'opedia. Nor will it be diſputed, that the maſter-builders of this new and ſtupendous temple of ſcience, for the worſhip of nature, had alſo really in view the advancement of human knowledge, and the improvement of the arts and ſciences. But that in the inner court of this temple, there was a confederacy formed againſt all thoſe who looked higher than nature, for the principal object of their veneration and confidence, is a fact too palpable, nay, too boldly avowed, to ſtand in need of any proof.

Connected, as it ſhould ſeem ſomewhat too naturally with the above remarks, we have to cloſe this paper, with the execrable and unprovoked murder of the late queen of France, which was perpetrated on the 16th of October 1793.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, September.

D.	H.	Baro.	T. out	T. in	H.	C.	Wind.	Weather, &c.
1	7	30,15	57,5	63	62	2	E 1	
	2	30,10	66,5	66	56	3	ENE 2	. more cloudy: little rain
2	7	30,04	60	64,5	69	4	NNE 1	. fine
	2	30,04	68,5	67	56	2	E 2	. hazy night
3	7	30,05	60,5	64,5	70	4	NE 1	hazy. fine
F	2	30,04	69,5	67,5	56	2	E 2	. calm eve. hazy
4	7	30,00	56,5	63	64	h	E 0	. fine
	2	29,91	70	67	61	2	E 0	hazy. thick upward. rainy night
5	7	29,68	61	66	68	6	NNE 1	much gentle rain
	2	29,61	60	66	68	5	N 1	chiefly drizzling. rainy night
6	7	29,57	58	63,5	67	h	W 1	very thick upward. fine
	2	29,50	66	65	61	4	SSE 2	. little rain at times. fine
7	7	29,37	58	64	70	h	SE 1	. not cloudy: gentle rain
	2	29,26	63,5	65	67	5	ENE 1	much rain: fair
8	7	29,27	58,5	64	66	5	SW 2	. fine
	2	29,36	67	66	59	3	SW 3	. leſs wind and clear night
9	7	29,53	57,5	63,5	64	4	WSW 1	. fine
	2	29,62	68	66	56	3	SW 2	. cloudy night
10	7	29,69	60,5	64	64	h	SW 1	. little rain. wind NW. chiefly cloudy
	2	29,95	66	66	59	4	NW 1	. a few large drops of rain
11	7	30,18	57	63	59	3	NW 1	
	2	30,25	65	64,5	53	4	W 1	. clear night
12	7	30,24	55,5	62	61	1	SW 1	hazy
	2	30,23	67	65	57	2	SW 2	. clear and calm eve. cloudy
13	7	30,35	60	64	65	h	NW 1	. cloudy: little wet
	2	30,37	63,5	64	64	5	N 1	. clear eve
14	7	30,37	57	63	66	4	N 1	
	2	30,36	69	66,5	59	3	E 1	. clear eve. thick upward: miſty
15	7	30,28	62	66	78	h	ESE 1	miſty. fine
	2	30,27	70,5	68	64	1	E 1	little hazy
16	7	30,18	57	64,5	71	2	E 1	hazy
	2	30,14	74	69	64	2	S 1	hazy. cloudy night
17	7	30,10	60,5	67	67	5	SW 1	. fine
	2	30,05	68	67	64	4	S 1	
18	7	30,04	62	66,5	67	4	S 0	ſlight fog. ſhower: fine
N	2	30,02	69	69,5	59	3	SW 1	. clear night
19	7	29,92	59,5	65	66	2	SSW 1	hazy: cloudy
	2	29,89	66	66,5	60	5	S 2	little wet. ſhowers. clear eve
20	7	29,87	55	64	65	h	WSW 0	. not cloudy. fine
	2	29,88	63	66	58	3	SW 1	. cloudy night: little rain
21	7	29,63	58	62,5	67	6	S 3	chiefly drizzling: ſhower. fine
	2	29,54	62	64,5	65	3	SSW 2	hazy. ſhowers
22	7	29,45	54,5	62	64	5	S 1	. little rain. fine
	2	29,50	62,5	64	60	3	WSW 1	. ſhowers. clear night
23	7	29,74	54	62	64	2	WSW 1	hazy. little rain. fine
	2	29,81	61,5	63	54	3	W 2	. clear eve: cloudy
24	7	29,98	53	61	59	5	WSW 1	. much gentle rain: ſhower
	2	29,70	59,5	63	60	4	W 2	. fine. clear night and more wind: little rain
25	7	29,49	52	60	61	4	WSW 3	. ſhowers
	2	29,65	56	60,5	61	2	NW 2	hazy
26	7	30,06	52	58,5	64	5	NNW 1	. fine
	2	30,00	58,5	60	60	3	N 1	. thick upward at night: little rain
27	7	29,82	55,5	60	67	h	S 1	. little wet at times
	2	29,76	62	62	67	5	SSE 2	gentle rain. cloudleſs hazy eve
28	7	29,91	44	57	64	1	W 1	. more cloudy
	2	29,96	56,5	58,5	61	5	W 1	little rain. leſs cloudy: little rain
29	7	29,84	51,5	57,5	67	4	WSW 1	: little rain
	2	29,71	61	61	68	4	SW 1	little rain. fine. cloudleſs night
30	7	29,78	47,5	56,5	63	3	WSW 1	. cloudy: fine
	2	29,74	56,5	58	58	2	WSW 2	

REMARKS *on the State of the* AIR, VEGETATION, *&c. in* September.

4. BLACK cluſter grapes begin to change colour.—27. Horſe cheſtnut, which was in bloſſom on the 4th of May, again produced a conſiderable degree of bloſſom.—This month was moiſt and rainy, and yet milder than June; the mean ſtate of the thermometer 60,5, and of the hygrometer 63.

Rain 2 inches 92 hundredths.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* DISEASES *in* September.

SMALLPOX continued to prevail, and with ſtill increaſing mortality, the deaths from that diſeaſe amounting to 450 in the courſe of the month. In the caſe hinted at laſt month, of this diſeaſe having immediately ſucceeded to cowpox, it appeared, on inveſtigation, that the ſmallpox was in the houſe where the child was, when the inoculation for cowpox took place; it therefore ſeems evident, that the contagion of the former had been communicated to the conſtitution previouſly to the appearance of the latter, and that its progreſs was only retarded thereby. *Typhus* fever continued to prevail; its ſymptoms were not in general malignant, but the recovery was ſlow, as large ſecretions of acrid bile took place, producing diarrhœa and increaſing the general weakneſs. Dyſenteric complaints were very prevalent, and difficult of cure, not yielding to the uſual remedies till they had long been perſevered in; the continued *teneſmus* was in general very diſtreſſing, and in children frequently produced a *prolapſus ani*. Meaſles and hooping cough were rarely met with; and ſcarlet fever, after threatning to become epidemic, ſeemed nearly to have diſappeared. The burials from the 3d to the 30th inſtant were 1894; and from the 2d of July to the ſame period they were 5739, of which 1007 were from ſmallpox.

THE GLEANER.

NUMBER XXVI.

WE read in hiſtory of various torments invented by tyrants for the deſtruction of their unoffending ſubjects, and cruelty has by ſome of them been refined to ſuch a degree, that it might ſeem impoſſible to contrive any thing more painful to the human feelings, than thoſe horrid inſtruments which, thank God, we now read of without experiencing their effects. I have often thought, however, that we contain within ourſelves certain machines more tormenting than thoſe external ones of iron and fire, which we read of in the annals of ancient tyranny. Not to ſpeak of a guilty conſcience, which every one will be ready to acknowledge as the *ne plus ultra* of human ſuffering and miſery, there is a paſſion, or feeling, by whatever other name it may be called, which ſeems to equal moſt of the artificial inſtruments of cruelty, and that is, *A State of Anxiety*.

This is by ſome called a ſtate of ſuſpence, and is the period of time between our preſent ſituation, and ſome great happineſs of which we dread to be diſappointed, or ſome great evil which is impending, and which we are afraid to ſuffer. To ſuſtain this period, requires great ſtrength of mind, but great ſtrength of mind is not beſtowed upon many of mankind, and hence the generality of people have contrived to expreſs their painful feelings, by borrowing the *name* of an ancient inſtrument of torture, now, I truſt, every where aboliſhed, and tell us they are '*upon the rack*.'

What the rack was originally, I ſhall not here explain, nor, I pre-

ſume, is it neceſſary. Aboliſhed, however, as it is *literally*, is ſtill exiſts *metaphorically*, and metaphorically, we have *racks* of many kinds, ſuited to different tempers and diſpoſitions, and different degrees of weakneſs.

One ſpecies of *rack*, is that upon which a candidate for ſome of the good things of this life is ſtretched, ſometimes for weeks together, and in my experience I have known this rack of the mind proceed to ſuch length of torment, as at laſt to affect the body, even after the deſired object was attained. But the candidate himſelf is not the only perſon who ſuffers the ſeverity of this torment. Every man has friends who ſhare with him in the buſtle of canvaſſing, and in proportion as they feel a warm and zealous intereſt in his ſucceſs, in that proportion they are *upon the rack*. Theſe are facts which many of my readers muſt have experienced, for it is not poſſible to be concerned in matters of this ſort, and preſerve a cool indifference. Beſide many occaſional inſtances, there is, every ſeven years, a general rack ſet up in every county, city, town and corporation, in his majeſty's dominions, and the ſufferings of the unhappy objects may then be underſtood by the frightful *cries* and *noiſes*, and *groans* to be heard in every part of the kingdom. Sometimes, indeed, the torments of the ſufferers are conſiderably alleviated by plentiful doſes of Portugal wines, and foreign as well as Britiſh ſpirits, and ſometimes, I have been told, that even money has been found uſeful in removing the pain. This ſeems very extraordinary, becauſe divines and moraliſts are for ever telling us how ineffectual riches are to alleviate pain or aboliſh death; and therefore I am at a loſs to account for it in any other way, than as a fond mother gives her child a penny that it may not cry for a broken head.

Another ſpecies of rack, is that which we feel for a much-valued friend in diſtreſs or danger, particularly when on a ſick-bed. It is impoſſible for a feeling mind not to ſuffer this rack; and of all ſpecies of torment, I am inclined, from experience, to think it the moſt ſevere. There ſeems even a refinement in cruelty here; for the little alleviations of illneſs, and the temporary gleams of hope, however pleaſing for a moment, tend only to make our anxiety more intolerable, and ſometimes almoſt beyond bearing. The whole frame is ſhaken by this torment; mind and body are more in ſympathy in this caſe than in any other, and many circumſtances tend to render it in every degree ſupereminently tormenting. Strength of mind, it may be ſaid, would do much here, but unfortunately it is one of thoſe caſes, which the ſtrongeſt minds find as incurable as the weakeſt, or to ſpeak more properly, in which the ſtrongeſt mind becomes the weakeſt. Whoever can contemplate a friend, a huſband, wife, child, or other near and dear relation under ſuch circumſtances, and *not* be upon the rack, are not to be envied for the qualities of the heart.

What is commonly called ſtrength of mind, or what are underſtood by the cold maxims of a ſtoical philoſophy, will be of little avail in this caſe, unleſs with perſons of that ſtrange indifference and ſtupidity of ſelfiſh temper, which inclines them to feel for nobody but themſelves. The only genuine remedy, the only alleviation that can be found for the anxious ſufferer on this ſpecies of rack, muſt be found in the hopes and conſolations which a Chriſtian faith and a Chriſtian temper will underſtand, and upon which it is, I truſt, perfectly unneceſſary for me to dwell in addreſſing my readers. We are not in a country where theſe things are unknown, or unfelt.

I ſhall proceed, therefore, to a third ſpecies of rack, leſs ſerious, but perhaps to many, not leſs painful, than what I have already mentioned. This is what people are ſtretched upon when their anxious expectation is turned toward *little things*, which by ſome means

or other they magnify into matters of importance. Such is the *rack* of a lady of faſhion, who has juſt ſent her ſervant to beſpeak a box for the king's night, and muſt be in dreadful torment, perhaps for an hour, before ſhe can have an anſwer. Such is the rack of ſome, Mrs. Teaſum, who is in torture for the dangers of a china tea-pot, committed to the careleſs hands of Mrs. Betty, who is carrying it down two pair of ſtairs, upon a tea-board *full of things, and ſo awkwardly, you can't think!* Such is the anxiety of many a pretty miſs, a few hours before the ball or aſſembly commences, and the mantua-maker and milliner have forfeited their word as to ſending home the new dreſs early enough to be altered, if alteration ſhould be neceſſary. Such is the rack, which a full fed lover of the good things of the table feels, when the promiſed haunch, on which he invited a few friends to partake, has not arrived, and yet the *laſt coach* is come in!

In theſe inſtances, which it would be eaſy to multiply, the pain is as great as if the object could juſtify it, yet it aſſumes various names, which are not applied in the former inſtances I enumerated. Here the pain is ſometimes called the *fidgets*, and is diſcovered by many odd motions of the body, by perpetual reſtleſſneſs, and by a ſudden jump every time a knock is heard at the door. The language of the patient, too (if the word *patient* can properly be applied in this caſe) is not that uſed in other expreſſions of pain, but is what we call *wirreting*, and is ſeldom either very conſiſtent or very reſpectful to the byeſtanders, who, if they are, by a ſtate of dependence, obliged to be in waiting, have but a ſorry time of it. Indeed, in the caſes I have enumerated, the fault of the box-keeper, the maid-ſervant, the mantua-maker, or the coachman, are transferred to the perſons neareſt at hand, and it is ſometimes a fortunate thing if they eſcape without very viſible marks of diſpleaſure. Strength of mind would here do much, and I am not diſpoſed to ſay, they are wholly deſtitute of it; only there ſeems a want of judgment in applying it. I have ſeen great philoſophy diſplayed on the ſickneſs of a child, which dwindled to weakneſs and the rack, during the playing of a *pool*, and ſome have ſhown a heroic firmneſs on hearing of the death of a friend, whoſe whole frame has been diſſolved in anxiety about the iſſue of a ſhilling rubber. There ſeems not, therefore, ſo much a want of calm philoſophy, as an awkwardneſs or ignorance in the uſe made of it.

There is a fourth ſpecies of racks, which it would be unpardonable not to mention, and that is, a *ſuit at law*. The legal rack, however, is generally experienced in its greateſt ſeverity by thoſe who have a particular fondneſs for deciding diſputes by the agency of counſel and witneſſes, and who are never *happy* but when involved in ſome *anxiety* of this kind. I have heard from very high legal authority, that the reaſon why ſo *many* ſuffer the torture of this rack ſo *often*, is the want of *clean hands*. This ſeems at firſt ſight ſo trifling a circumſtance, that I ſhould have been aſhamed to mention it, if I had not been aſſured by the ſame high and noble authority that the courts of law require *clean hands* as an indiſpenſible recommendation, and that the coming into court with ſuch hands is the only way to render the rack eaſy and tolerable.

Dramatic writers would probably never forgive me, if I omitted their being ſtretched upon the dreadful rack, on the firſt night of a new piece. This is, indeed, a torment to which it ſeems difficult to apply a remedy. The judges who are to determine their fate are, taken together, a moſt heterogeneous mixture, and few have ever been able to propheſy with accuracy upon their deciſion. This period is therefore one of particular anxiety, and has been in many prologues compared to all the various torments and tormenting expectations to which

mankind are ſubject. It was compared by a late manager, (himſelf a writer) to the ſituation of a man ſitting upon a barrel of gunpowder.

From this ſhort ſketch of the hiſtory of the *rack*, as it at preſent exiſts in this country, I hope my readers will be enabled to draw ſome uſeful inferences, and to make the proper diſtinctions between thoſe caſes in which we torment ourſelves, and thoſe in which we are tormented by cauſes not in our power to controul. It appears to be from want of knowledge of ſuch diſtinctions, that ſo many perſons ſuffer afflictions, with which it is difficult for others to ſympathize, and perhaps difficult to reſtrain a ſmile. To all who are 'in ſorrow, need, ſickneſs, or any other adverſity,' it is our bounden duty to pay the reſpectful attentions of kindneſs and ſympathy, but we cannot, without a very extraordinary effort, beſtow our ſympathy on the loſs of an *odd trick*, or ſqueeze out a tear to the memory of a *broken tea-pot*.

CURIOUS ANTIQUE.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

SIR, Sept. 15, 1800.

THE attention of the amateurs of the fine arts having been lately excited by the ſale of lord Cawdor's noble collection of antiques, and particularly of the celebrated Bacchanalian Vaſe, formerly an object univerſally admired in the Lanti palace at Rome, the following brief account of it may not be unacceptable to your readers.

The form of all antique vaſes, whether bell-ſhaped or the tazza, are ſuppoſed to have been firſt taken from the calyx of the lotus; the latter repreſenting the plant in a flatter form, as it appears when fully blown, and the former in the more early ſtage of inflorescence.

The lotus is a celebrated water-plant, well known in Upper Aſia, which, from its ſtructure, and its reputed quality of being generated by heat and moiſture, was ſelected by the ancients as the ſymbol of the generation and procreation of the human ſpecies; it was therefore deified and held ſacred, and became the model from which, as it is thought, they copied the form of their principal vaſes.

The grand Bacchanalian vaſe in queſtion is of the lotus form, bell-ſhaped, and was moſt probably conſecrated to the god Bacchus, as may be concluded from the finely ſculptured Bacchanalian maſks, and other features that accompany it: it muſt therefore have been uſed either as a laver or ſymbol only of this part of the heathen mythology, and for no other uſe; for it is certain that no wine was ever poured into it.

This ſuperb monument of antique decoration was dug up, ſome centuries ago, among the ruins of Adrian's villa, together with the fragments of three other vaſes of nearly ſimilar dimenſions; all of which appeared, by the ſituation in which they were found, to have occupied the ſame particular ſpot of that once extenſive and magnificent emporium of art. It was then removed to the villa Lanti, near Rome, where for many years it attracted the notice and excited the admiration of both the traveller and the artiſt. This, and one at Warwick Caſtle, which is ſomewhat more decorated, are the only complete vaſes of the ſame dimenſions, extant; and are unqueſtionably the moſt magnificent and nobly-ſculptured ſpecimens of antique decoration of this kind ever diſcovered.

The Lanti vaſe was brought from Rome about twelve years ago, at a conſiderable riſk and expence, by the right hon. lord Cawdor, on whoſe claſſical taſte and judgment it muſt ever confer the higheſt credit. The removal of this grand work of art from that city cauſed great jealouſy among the ſuperintendants of the Vatican

Muſeum, then forming under the auſpices of the reigning pontiff, the late Pius VI, who, it is well known, in his reſentment on this occaſion, threatened ſeveral perſons concerned in the removal of the vaſe with the gallies.

The dimenſions of the vaſe are: diameter of the mole, ſix feet three inches; height, with its preſent plinth, ſix feet nine inches. It was originally in one piece of Parian marble.

It was purchaſed at the public ſale of lord Cawdor's Muſeum in Oxford-ſtreet, the 6th of June 1800, for ſeven hundred guineas, and is now in the poſſeſſion of the duke of Bedford, who has cauſed it to be removed to Woburn-abbey, where it is to be placed in an appropriate ſituation, in the centre of an extenſive and beautiful greenhouſe, deſigned and executed for his grace, by Mr. Holland. I am, &c.

CHARLES HEATHCOTE TATHAM.

ANSWER TO THE CRITICISMS ON GRAY'S POEMS.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

SIR,

FROM your uſual impartiality, I am led to hope that the following remarks will find as ready admiſſion into your Magazine, as the ſubject which gave them birth. They originate from the critique of your correſpondent De Albetera, on 'Gray's ode to Spring.'

To ſay nothing of 'ubi plura nitent,' I ſhall endeavour to ſhow whether he has diſcovered any of the *maculæ* which he has been induſtriouſly in ſearch of; or whether, while he has been exerting himſelf to make good his charge of ignorance, and defect of judgement againſt the poet, he has not afforded an inſtance of both in himſelf.

'Diſcloſe the long *expecting* flowers,
And wake the *purple* year.'

'The active participle *expecting* is objected to, *becauſe* it is too great a *poetical licence* to beſtow on flowers a power of diſcriminating between the ſeaſons.' The uſe of the figure, known by the name of *perſonification*, ſurely is no licence; it is the language of nature, and is ſo univerſal that I was aſtoniſhed at ſuch an objection. Who has not read, 'the fields *laugh*?—the vallies *rejoice*?' &c. From the ſimilar affections of the animal and vegetable world, Cicero ſays, 'therefore we ſay that a vine *lives* and *dies*; that a tree is *young*, or *old*; *flouriſhes*, or *decays*.'

In the ſecond line the epithet *purple* is found fault with as 'pompous, devoid of meaning, and more adapted to the gloom of winter, than the vegetation of ſpring.' What thought Virgil? *He* was no mean judge of propriety: he expreſsly has it, 'Hic *ver purpureum*,' &c. Ecl. ix, 40. Your correſpondent has given ſufficient proof in this, as well as in other inſtances, that he is only an *Engliſh* reader. The alluſions to the Latin and Greek poets are ſo frequent, that to become a critic it is undoubtedly neceſſary to be well verſed in the claſſics. A knowledge of this ſhould have ſuggeſted ſome diffidence in aſſuming a taſk of acknowledged difficulty, without calculating upon the ſtrength adequate to the undertaking. Every claſſical reader knows that the epithet *purpureus* is uſed indiſcriminately by the poets to expreſs any *bright* colour. As to the *obſcurity* and *incorrectneſs* of the metaphor, we are left in the dark for the proof. The lively change which ſucceeds in ſpring, when nature gradually reaſſumes her active functions, after the lethargic ſtate which preceded it, is happily compared to ſuſcitation from ſleep.

* See our Magazine for Auguſt, page 123.

'The Attic warbler pours her throat.'

This, says the same gentleman, is '*consummate nonsense*,'—shows the '*ignorance of the writer*,'—and 'on which to offer any comment would be an insult to the understanding!' (So then it seems *charity* alone dictated this forbearance.) Harsh words these! But I profess not to be in the secret: only methinks I have a glimmering where the charge of *nonsense* and *ignorance* lies. The nightingale begins to sing in April; there is no ignorance here: every school-boy knows that 'fundere carmen—to pour,' is a common expression for *canere*; and *throat* obviously implies *the song from the throat*—where then is the nonsense? *But* the word 'Attic, is grossly misplaced;'—if this gentleman is not captivated with the melody of this bird, it may be his misfortune: he has to learn, however, that Philomela (as the poets tell us) was the daughter of an *Attic* king, changed into a nightingale, and therefore called *Attic* warbler.

'Where'er the oaks thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade.'

Let us see what is wrong here:—'Two adjectives of the comparative degree without the object of comparison expressed;' and therefore he is *obliged* to *condemn* this line! If Milton or Thomson will have any weight with your correspondent, by referring to them he may find frequent instances of a similarity of expression. Nor, indeed, is it necessary to express the compared object when it is so obvious, as in the present instance, 'broader and browner shade than is found elsewhere,' is evidently implied.

'How low, how little are the proud!'

Here the sentiment is objected to, with which I have nothing to do at present: I shall only observe, that *pride* makes all little.

'The busy murmur *glows*.'

Virgil has 'fervet opus—the *work glows*.' The busy murmur signifies the work and noise combined.

'Eager to taste the *honey'd* spring.'

'Honey'd spring is a *prettiness* unworthy of Gray.' This is mere opinion! To me it appears a very characteristic epithet, particularly appropriate, as the honey is the sole object of the insect tribe.

'And float amid the *liquid noon*.'

Noon is surely a very natural metonymy for the air of the noon. As to the objection respecting the word *liquid*, 'that the air is never known to be in a concrete state;' it is to be answered, that by it the best writers have signified *pure*, or *serene*: and in this sense it is often used by Virgil, whom I must again refer to, as thinking him sufficient authority; '*Liquido* sublimis in *aere*.' Georg. i, 404. 'Nare per *æstatem liquidam*.' iv, 59. '*Liquidamque* per *aëra* lapsæ.' Æn. vii, 65. et passim.

'The airy dance they *leave*,'

'They leave, conveys an idea that quitting the stage of life is voluntary!' Excellent critic! Can your correspondent be in earnest in such an objection? I think not, and will here take my *leave* of him; observing, however, that throughout his remarks, a disposition to find fault, rather than to relish beauties, is predominant, a disposition which does not become a critic. I have not time to proceed further: though most of the objections, which I have run over, might easily be obviated. The fame of Gray, sir, stands on a basis too firm to be shaken by these efforts. After having withstood the powers of a Johnson, after having baffled his ridicule, and survived his criticism, it is not presumption to affirm, that he has nothing to fear from a host of modern assailants.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

October 18, 1800. S. P.

OF THE ORIGIN OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

[From Dallaway's Anecdotes of the Arts in England.]

THE late lord Orford, better known in the literary world as Mr. Horace Walpole. made the hiſtory of painting in England intereſting to common readers, and decorated a ſubject, barren in itſelf, by the novelty of his remarks, and by an animated and perſpicuous ſtyle. He allows that our national claims to more than barbarous attempts in the arts, were not ſuperior to thoſe of our northern neighbours at the ſame period. To trace, however, the progreſs from ſuch rude efforts to eventual perfection, required that a certain era of the original introduction (for invention we have no proof) ſhould be aſcertained with preciſion. With his uſual ingenuity, he has combated ſome proofs of their exiſtence in this kingdom, which the zeal of George Vertue induced him to conſider as authentic, and with equal judgement has diſcriminated others, which were no leſs deciſive of what can be termed painting, than of the age to which they may be poſitively aſcribed.

We learn, that, in the early reigns after the conqueſt, Greek enamellers, upon the poſſeſſion of Conſtantinople by the Croiſaders, were induced to follow them into Europe, and found an ample patronage in England. They were, at firſt, employed for emblazoning of arms on ſepulchral monuments, as in Weſtminſter abbey: perhaps of thoſe which were borne on the ſhields of the heroes of chivalry; but of this conjecture there is no abſolute proof. Cups, either for the ſervice of the altar or the banquet, were moſt richly finiſhed by thoſe artiſts. Two of greater celebrity, which are ſtill preſerved, are of very curious workmanſhip. The more ancient is that given by king John, with their charter, to the corporation of Lynn, in Norfolk; the other, from a cipher with a mitre, which is engraven on it, traditionally belonged to Thomas à Becket, and is now in the cabinet of the duke of Norfolk. Of chalices which were ſtill more elaborate and ſplendid, and of which there are ſufficient notices in the inventories of plate given to monaſteries, the devaſtation committed upon their ſuppreſſion has left us only the verbal deſcription.

The croſier of William of Wykeham bequeathed by him, and now in high preſervation at New College, is rich in ornament, and exquiſitely wrought. Thoſe of other prelates were, probably, not inferior to it in value and beauty.

The art of painting in freſco upon walls and ceilings, with colours compounded of reſinous gums, is very ancient in England, and being confined chiefly to eccleſiaſtical buildings, it was frequently practiſed by the more ingenious monks.

In the chapel of our Lady, behind the choir of Hereford cathedral, are many beautiful freſco deſigns, not unlike the early ſketches of Cimabue or Giotto, and a ſpecies of large moſaic work, ſtill perfect. They are of the age of Edward I, when ſeveral Greek and Italian artiſts had ſettled in England. Theſe freſco paintings on the walls were made in exact imitation of the veneered marbles, which, from being ſo eaſily procured, were uſed even as an external ornament in Italy.

The outſide walls of the Duomo and Campanile at Florence are faced with three kinds of marble, red, white, and black, diſpoſed in ſmall oblong ſquares. The ſame artiſts, who were once employed in applying the real material, introduced this imitation of it, as the richeſt decoration in countries where it could not be found.

Buildings in the north of Italy were imitated in the reigns of Henry III, and Edward I, as far as their ſhrine

work, and more ornamental architecture, which appears from many now to be ſeen there in unperiſhing marble, inſtead of friable ſtone and evaneſcent colours. It is ſaid, that even in the more early ages of the monaſtic inſtitution, its votaries were encouraged to acquire ſeveral of the liberal arts. In writing, then confined to a few, they were ambitious to excel, and the miſſals were illuminated by them. We may fairly conjecture, that they acquired all that they were capable of learning and practiſing from profeſſional artiſts, ſo that, in proceſs of time, they ſupplied their place, and the interior embelliſhments of churches were finiſhed by the monks themſelves. The porcelain tiles for the pavement of the high altar, were certainly prepared for the kiln by them, and they diſcovered neatneſs in the penciling of the armorial bearings, and fancy in the ſcrolls and rebus, which were the more common ſubjects.

A very curious MS. of the lives of the abbots of Glouceſter, throws much light on this ſuppoſition. Abbot Wygmore, who preſided in the reign of Edward II, is reported, not only to have encouraged the liberal and mechanic arts in his monaſtery, but to have excelled in them himſelf, and to have embroidered doves of ſilver upon a green ſatin cope, for the office of Penteceſt, with his own hands.

In his great dining-room were portraits of all the kings of England, prior to Edward II, to whom he gave a ſumptuous feaſt. Judging only from what yet remains, we are apt to fix the true era of the introduction of ſeveral of the fine arts into this country perhaps ſeveral centuries below the true date.

A ſeries of figures in diſtemper were once near the altar at Merton College. Before the cloſe of the fourteenth century, many portraits of princes and eminent men have been executed, which were defaced by the indiſcriminating zeal of the reformers.

One of the moſt authentic, and of the greateſt merit as a painting, is the portrait of Richard II, in Weſtminſter abbey, ſaid to have been retouched by Vandyke. From the circumſtance of the general obliteration of colours from the walls of churches at the reformation, this ſpecies of painting is now rarely ſeen in any degree of excellence.

MISAPPLICATION OF TALENTS.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

Sir,

I BELIEVE it has been the misfortune of many others beſide myſelf, to be bred up to an employment which they are not fit for, and, without having their conſtitution and abilities conſulted, to be fixed in a ſtation of life almoſt as ſoon as they came into the world. It was an opinion of the ancients, that two or three old women, whom they called Fates, began to ſpin the deſtiny of every mortal, at the moment of his birth; and that what had once been brought for them by theſe hands, was afterward irrevocable. If there is no truth in the fable itſelf, there was, perhaps, foundation enough for it in the common practice of parents in thoſe times (or, it may be, of the mother and her goſſips) to diſpoſe of the infant without ſtaying to aſk his conſent, and predeſtinate him to ſome trade or profeſſion, in which, from certain preſages, they ſtrongly fancied he was intended to make a figure: for, while the Fates themſelves have no more reſpect for a prince than a cobler, and uſher the one into the world with as few formalities as the other, it is eaſy for every fond parent to form what prepoſſeſſion ſhe pleaſes in favour of her bantling, and, from a thouſand accidental circumſtances, to draw omens of his future greatneſs. The only prognoſti-

cations which deſerve any credit, I mean the capacity and inclination of the youth in queſtion, are neglected, and an idle whim or ſimple preſage will carry it againſt plain reaſon and common ſenſe. One father determines to educate all his ſons to the law; another for the army; and a third conſecrates them to the church: according as each thinks himſelf fit to propagate a race of legiſlators, ſaints, or heroes. A mother dreams of lawn ſleeves, and therefore her boy muſt go to the univerſity; and, if he has a great deal more of good fortune than merit on his ſide, it is fifty to one that, after drudging with infinite labour through his college exerciſes, he will ſtarve all his days upon ſome paultry curacy.

Hence it is that we ſee ſo many uncouth and motley characters on the ſtage of life; and as in a dream, where all the parts are aſſigned by lot, the clown ſteps into the robes of a monarch. Adonis ſtruts like a general, and Hannibal acts the part of a *petit-maitre*; the ſtateſman ſinks into a lackey, and a buffoon runs away with the habit of a philoſopher. How often has the profound caſuiſt been loſt under a woollen cap, and a greaſy apron; the orator found no other employment than to retail garden-ſtuff, and ſuch vile commodities, by word of mouth to his fellow-citizens; and the hero been tied down to the odious drudgery of reading and making common-places; and, by as ſtrange a reverſe, we ſee others carrying a green bag, who are only fit to carry a muſket; pleaders puzzling a cauſe at Weſtminſter-hall, and hiring out their breath by the hour, who would have been much more uſeful to the public in the humble capacity of a ſmalicoalman; and merchants who would have ſhone in 'Change-alley, or behind the counter, moſt prepoſterouſly hoiſted into a pulpit. How many dictators are condemned to the plough-tail, without once having the good fortune to be called from it for the ſervice of their country? And again, how many are there of thoſe uſeleſs cyphers, who juſt ſerve to fill up a ſeat in the houſe, or a blank in a commiſſion, while they cheat nature of her dues, and could be employed no where ſo properly as in breaking and fertilizing the ground?

Shall we aſcribe this odd jumble of characters wholly to the malice of fate, and the whimſicalneſs of that goddeſs, who, they tell us, delights to make herſelf merry with human affairs, and call them all the may-games of fortune, as philoſophers name all monſtrous births and unaccountable productions the ſportings of nature? Or ſhall we lay ſome ſhare of the blame to the unpardonable indiſcretion of parents, in the choice they make of employments for their children, without any regard to their parts, application, or temper? Perhaps my own diſappointments may make me too ſevere upon this article. I flatter myſelf, however, that you will pay ſome attention to my unhappy caſe, and communicate it to the world, as a proper warning to all fathers and mothers to take care how, by one imprudent ſtep, they ruin the hopes and proſpects of their children.

I am deſcended of no conſiderable family; my kindred were moſt of them very poor, but honeſt, and having no rich relations, nor any friends, who were capable of making intereſt for my advancement, all my hopes of riſing in the world depended upon my own genius and induſtry: what theſe were, muſt appear from the ſequel. My father was neither better nor worſe than a farmer, in a village, and having, by diligence and economy, ſcraped together a ſmalll ſum of money, he determined to breed me, who was his only child, to ſome more genteel occupation than had ever yet been known in the family. This reſolution was very much encouraged by my mother, who, becauſe her grandfather had been churchwarden, and her great grandfather, game-keeper to ſir William, conceived that I might be the means of raiſing the family to its former ſplendour. 'And,' ſays ſhe, 'there is our neighbour, goodman

Doughty's ſon, becauſe he learned to write and caſt accounts, is made clerk to Greygooſe; and who knows, if he behaves well, he may be made a juſtice himſelf one of theſe days? And do you think, my dear, it is not as likely that our Moſes (for ſo I was called) if he has but learning enough for it, may come to be biſhop, or lord lieutenant of ſome county?'—My father readily aſſented to every thing which ſhe ſaid; and from this moment I date the riſe of all my misfortunes. It appears very ſtrange to me, as often as I think of it, that while there are ſo many roads open to preferment, ſuited to the different genius and tempers of men, the church ſhould be the only one into which perſons of no education themſelves are fond of directing their children; ſo that it is the rock upon which numbers of youth, in all ages, have ſplit; and I believe there are at this day, in Great Britain, ſome hundreds beſide myſelf, who are unhappy enough to have been fixed in a profeſſion for which they have little reliſh or capacity, and in which they muſt of neceſſity ſtarve, without even a decent proviſion, unleſs they have more than common good fortune. I do not ſpeak this out of the leaſt diſreſpect to ſo venerable an order, for which I have always had the higheſt eſteem, or to any particular perſons, whom from my ſoul I pity for their misfortune, inſtead of charging it upon them as their fault. I plainly ſee the error which has been committed in my own caſe, and having modeſty enough to think myſelf a very unworthy member of that ſacred body, heartily wiſh that I had never been joined to it; and I think they will not be angry with me for maintaining, that it is not every man, even of worth and honeſty, who can be an ornament to their profeſſion; and that where there are the higheſt abilities, the want of a proper turn for ſuch a way of life is a ſufficient diſqualification. My only aim, if I can compaſs it, is to diſcourage parents from thruſting their ſons too haſtily into an office, which it is afterward thought diſhonourable to quit, and, if they were ever ſo much inclined to it, have, perhaps, no other poſſible way of gaining a livelihood. But I beg pardon for this digreſſion, and return to my ſtory.

I very ſoon gave proofs of ſomething extraordinary in me, inaſmuch as I applied myſelf to reading, while my companions were at play in the village, or wandering about the fields, which was matter of great comfort to my parents, and confirmed them in the deſign they had formed, and the expectation of my future advancement. I contracted an unaccountable fondneſs for the black print beyond the other, and nothing gave me ſo much pleaſure as the reading Mr. Fox's book of Martyrs, which was printed in that character, and had been hereditary in our family for ſome generations; and I was above all delighted with thoſe parts of it which related depoſitions and examinations of the priſoners, which I peruſed ſo often, that I had many of them by heart. When I was ſent to a public ſchool in the next town, I did not make near that progreſs in grammar learning, which might have been expected from ſuch promiſing beginnings: I was duller than the reſt of my ſchool-fellows in the matter of nouns, pronouns, and participles: I had a mortal averſion to *Quæ genus* and *As in præſenti*; and reliſhed as little the celebrated remains of Greek and Roman poetry. What little I took in, with blows and beating, never ſtuck long by me, becauſe I found neither profit nor delight in it ſufficient to put me upon treaſuring it up in my memory. My chief diverſion, and which I reckoned upon from one holiday time to another, was the travelling fifteen miles on foot, to the neareſt county town at the time of the aſſizes, to attend the trials, and hear the fine gentlemen talk in their long wigs and black gowns. But though I could never take to Horace or Virgil, I was always hugely pleaſed with the barbarous Latin at the end

of Littleton's Dictionary, eſpecially with ſuch words as *daggarius* for a dagger, *meſſuagium* for a meſſuage, and *hundredum* an hundred; which I conned with ſo much application, that, in a very ſhort time, I was a complete maſter of all the cant terms which are uſed in our common law. Nothing recommended Cicero to me ſo much, as his having penned ſeveral orations, *In genere judiciali*, of which the contents informed me. In ſhort, ſir, I aſcribe all the miſcarriages of my life to an opinion with which, unfortunately for me, my mother was ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed, that I was born to a biſhopric, whereas nature evidently deſigned me for a judge.

After paſſing through the uſual round of ſchool exerciſes, and when, by the time which was ſpent in them, it was judged that I muſt have made ſufficient progreſs, my father removed me to the univerſity. Here the utter diſlike which I found in myſelf to the ſtudies in which I was engaged, ſlackened my application, and was, beſides, the occaſion of my running into ſome little gayeties, of which I have ſince heartily repented. I ſhall paſs over the whole time which I ſpent at the college, as containing in it nothing remarkable, or to my preſent purpoſe, and proceed to that which followed. Almoſt immediately upon my admiſſion in orders, I received the news of my father's death. The little money which he had ſaved, and which was all that I had to truſt to, being ſunk in my education, I ſaw that I was in great danger of being thrown upon the wide world, without a ſingle friend capable of aſſiſting me. In this ſituation, I know not to what difficulties I might have been reduced, if it had not been for the goodnature of a young fellow, who had been my companion, and now intereſted himſelf in my diſtreſſes, aſſiſting me other ways, and recommending me to a clergyman of his acquaintance in the weſt of England, who happened about that time to want a curate. By theſe means, in leſs than ſix months time, I was provided with a curacy of twenty-five pounds per annum, which I was glad to accept of, on account of my preſent neceſſities. I now began to look upon myſelf as a clergyman in good earneſt, and to think ſeriouſly of reconciling my mind to the employment which Providence had thrown in my way, though not the moſt agreeable to my choice and inclinations; but my evil demon ſtill haunted me in the ſhape of *law books* and *caſes*: and, with all the pains which I took with myſelf, I was unable to maſter ſo ſtrange a propenſity. I ſtudied Coke upon Littleton much oftener than any commentator upon either Teſtament, and have long ago parted with my Poole's Synopſis, to purchaſe an abridgement of the Statutes. Whenever I ſet about to make a ſermon, my thoughts naturally ran in the ſtyle of a deed, or an act of parliament: from which circumſtance, upon my firſt ſettling, one or two wits in our pariſh gave me the nickname of the Legal Preacher: and I have kept it ever ſince, though I have entirely laid aſide a taſk which I could not execute as it ſhould be, and am indebted to abler divines than myſelf for the matter of inſtruction, as well as of the other offices of my cure, in which I have now been engaged upward of thirty years, and have very good reaſon to believe that it is the *ne plus ultra* of my preferment.

Thus, ſir, to ſum up the evidence, you ſee a youth of no unpromiſing parts, if I may be allowed to ſay ſo much of myſelf without vanity, loſt to himſelf and to the public by an unfortunate miſapplication of his talents in early life: that which ſhould have been my employment, is become my recreation and amuſement, and the more ſerious offices of life are diſcharged only as a neceſſary taſk: for it is not the only ill conſequence of ſuch an error that, nature being once turned out of its proper channel, the ſoul, like an aſcending ſtream, or like a ſhip ſtruggling againſt wind and tide, encounters every difficulty in its

paſſage: but alſo gradually remits of that noble effort which is neceſſary to it, in order to the making its way, though with all the opportunities of genius, and the favour of fortune. And it is a maxim univerſally true, that no man ever yet made a figure in any employment, in which he loſt both the hope and the ambition of exce ling.

It is the common complaint of modern times, that there are fewer perſons of eminence in any of the profeſſions than ever: and that nature, which uſed to be fertile in great geniuſes, is now more than ordinarily ſparing of her gifts. It would be endleſs to recount the long liſt of philoſophers, legiſlators, conquerors, and all the venerable names of antiquity: thoſe great and worthy ſouls, who following the guidance of a noble inſtinct, according as they were qualified to ſhine in the field, the council, or the aſſembly, became the benefactors of their country, the ornament of their own times, and the admiration of future ages: whereas now, as if the world was off its hinges, and all things thrown into confuſion, we ſee four or five philoſophers at moſt in a whole kingdom, and a hero appears once in a century. But is it not more reaſonable to attribute this difference between our own and more remote times, in part, to the cauſes which I have mentioned above, than to ſuppoſe, that nature is leſs liberal to the preſent age than to any other, or that being exhauſted by ſo many rich productions, it is capable of ſending into the world little at this time, but knaves, blockheads, and cowards.

There are manifeſt ſigns of ſome diſtortion in the preſent ſyſtem, and of a moſt unnatural diſtribution of trades and profeſſions, inaſmuch as hardly two out of a hundred are contented with the employments which have been picked out for them, and every one determines to purſue his calling no longer than till he has made his fortune. To inſtance only in one tribe, the orators, whether in the pulpit, the ſenate, or the council, we ſee that nothing ſo ſoon ſilences them as a living, or a penſion; and whenever the doctor or the miniſter have ſecured this grand article, the one is ſure to reſign, and the other to put in a curate. But the true man of buſineſs, whoſe employment and genius pair exactly to each other, like the keen ſportſman, loves the field and the exerciſe ſtill better than the game, and while he trudges many a weary round over hills and plains, with infinite pleaſure to himſelf, for the reward, perhaps, of a poor leveret, would ſcorn to accept the ſame morſel at another hand, to feed upon it ingloriouſly at home. And is it not upon the very ſame principles that we muſt account for ſo many ſtrange phenomenons as we ſee daily before our eyes?

I remember a very good obſervation to this purpoſe in one of the books that we read at ſchool, which, owing to ſome peculiar circumſtances that happened at the time, made a ſtrong impreſſion upon me, and I have ſince had occaſion frequently to recollect it in the courſe of my life, and acknowledge the juſtice of it. The ſentence, as our old ſchoolmaſter conſtrued it to us, was as follows: 'Though you drive nature out of doors with a pitchfork, it will run back to its own place again.' This being the caſe, it is loſt labour to ſtrive at the new moulding of the faculties, and communicating impreſſions to nature which it was never qualified to receive: work it into as many ſtrange figures as you pleaſe, it will work itſelf out of them by and bye, and ſtart up in its proper form. Education, like art, can only ſmooth and poliſh, but produces nothing which was not before in the ſubject. It is as true in the intellectual, as it is in the natural world, that the fineſt tools, and the moſt exquiſite hand, will turn to no account without materials to work upon. There muſt firſt be ſome qualities in nature, before you can extract them by any proceſſes whatſoever; for take a cipher,

add it, multiply it, and divide it, as long as you pleaſe, out of nothing there will come nothing. I have found by my own experience, and by a long courſe of obſervations upon the world about me, that take what pains you will for it, there is no poſſible way to ſupply the want of a head; the ſign which you hang out of doors, and the implements of the craft, deceive nobody: for, after all, it is the performance which credits the workman, and diſtinguiſhes the artiſt from the cobler.

I am, &c.

MOSES MISPLACED.

THE BRITISH MUSE.

ODE TO MERCY.

HOW can the poet's humble ſhell,
O Mercy, thy fit praiſes tell,
The ſounds muſt low and feeble be,
By mortals rais'd to ſpeak of thee.
Attempts are vain,
Unleſs the train,
That cauſe the poet's dream,
Should flock around,
To hear the ſound,
And ſanctify the theme.
See! the baſtalian nymphs appear!
Hark! hark! their dulcet ſounds I hear!
Now, now, they beat the joy-ſtrung lyre,
My ſenſes fill, my ſoul inſpire.
Now ſlower, and more ſolemn all,
And lingering now, the deep ſounds fall.
They tune my ſoul, its fire refine,
And ſteal my thoughts to things divine.
On angel's wing to heav'n I ſoar,
And heav'n's eternal king adore.
But milder now, the penſive ſtrain,
Strikes my enraptur'd ear,
It ſadly thrills thro' every vein,
And aſks me for a tear.
I glow, I ſtart, the notes of mercy ſwell,
I feel the impulſe burn, and ſound my mortal ſhell.

O Mercy, heaven's faireſt child,
That deign'ſt to tread this earthly wild,
O thou, who erſt in heav'n did'ſt dwell,
Ere man was form'd, or angels fell.
Who did'ſt abide,
By Juſtice' ſide
Near the Almighty's throne,
Who ev'n did'ſt hear,
With pity's tear,
High heav'n's apoſtates moan.
Long, long did'ſt view them with concern,
Bidding their wayward hearts return,
Fierce with delay till juſtice grew,
And thruſt thee ever from their view.
Thee heaven ſent on earth to bind
The wounds that gall the human mind.
To be, where'er thy footſteps bend,
True valour's guide, and ſorrow's friend.
To ſoften juſtice, not avert,
And ev'n to aid the ſinner's part.
Ev'n tho' the criminal deſpair,
Beneath the priſon's gloom,
Thou leav'ſt no means untried to cheer,
With hope the threaten'd doom.
'Tis thy delight to ope the priſon door,
To bid the wretched riſe and liberty reſtore.

O look to yon enſanguin'd plain!
Where enmities contending reign;
Mark well the chief with haughty mien,
Rejoicing 'mid the blood-ſtain'd ſcene.
He hears the moans,
The dying groans
Unmov'd, by fury led,
He ſpurns, defies
Sad pity's cries,
And tramples on the dead.
In vain does mercy bid him ſtay,
He flies, and mark'd with blood his way!
He thinks the warrior beſt can claim
The laurel wreath, the hero's fame,
Who deepeſt ſteeps his raging dart,
Within the fallen ſuppliant's heart.
But ſee the real hero tread!
By valour urg'd, by mercy led!
Mark! while the helpleſs mourner kneels,
How nobly he for other feels!
He drops the ſword that hung on high,
Diſpels the ſuppliant's fear,
Gives to his urgent pray'r a ſigh,
And anſwers tear for tear.
He feeds a faithful monitor within,
That tells where juſtice ends and mercy ſhould begin.

But ah! and muſt the tearful eye,
Still bend to Afric's burning ſhore,
Where the poor wretched mourners ſigh,
And man's inhuman chains deplore.
See on the tide,
The veſſels ride
Obedient to the wind,
Their ſhores recede,
Their boſoms bleed,
To leave their homes behind.
Great God! what right has man to chain,
The liberty of man! vile gain!
Vile commerce! cruelty ſevere!
That ſpurns the groan, diſdains the tear!

That wakes to war a harmleſs race,
Which ſlept before in joy and peace.
That tears the peaſant from the arms,
Of fond affection's circling charms,
That wafts him from his fields alone,
To toil in others not his own.
His wife is left behind to weep,
His little ones to die,
In tears their ſcanty food to ſteep,
'Till in the grave they lie.
But he in vain his former bliſs would ſeek,
While grief's and labour's drops hang mingling on his cheek.

And thinks the Briton, while he rues
The ills that wait the ſervile day,
Thinks he the negro tearleſs views,
The bark that bears him far way.
Alas! too well,
His eyes can tell,
How much his boſom feels,
Affection's fears,
And friendſhip's tears,
In vain his ſoul conceals.
O mercy, hither bend thy way,
And o'er the heart exert thy ſway,
Teach man while int'reſt he purſues,
That nought can cruelty excuſe;
Tell him, the negro's heart can moan,
With every ſorrow like his own.
His ſoul can bleed, his eye can ſwell,
And all his anguiſh ſtrongly tell.
In ſilken robe of pureſt dye,
O mercy, hither, hither fly,
On man let thy ſoft dews be ſhed,
Thy milder laws impart,
And while thou hov'reſt o'er his head,
Make entrance at his heart,
Tell him that heaven ne'er approves the deed,
Nor ſanctifies the act, which makes a negro bleed.

JUVENIS.

EPIGRAMS.

CITIZEN Plum had a quarrelſome wife;
Muſic was ever the cauſe of their ſtrife.
Madam, one day, was abuſing her dear,
The topic, as uſual, his want of *an ear*;
'*Hold thy Tongue*,' replied Plum, 'for heav'n's ſake do;'
I prithee conſider, that I have got *two*.

GOLD is ſo ductile, learned chymiſts ſay,
That half an ounce will ſtretch a wond'rous way.
The metal's baſe, or elſe the chymiſts err,
For now a days, our guineas wont *go far!*

HENRY FLETCHER.

VERSES.

From the Spaniſh of QUEVEDO.

[The following fragment, tranſlated from a Cancion of Quevedo, alludes to the misfortunes of that great Scholar and Poet; and ſuppoſes that, worn out with afflictions, the Bard had turned Hermit.]

O THOU, decreed the firſt of human race,
From the ſtill birth of time with dubious feet,
This ſolitary mountain's brow to trace,
And break the ſilence of our deep retreat:
While now confus'd, and eager as thou art—
Thine eyes up-lifted ſtrain to reach the ſkies,
Hid by the ſhadowy height, while thy ſad heart
To heave the load of melancholy tries.
Thou gueſt, thou man of woes, whom moody care
Has brought this rugged rock's retreat to gain,
By angry Nature form'd its head to rear,
And curſe with barren frowns yon plenteous plain.
Halt, and before thy timid ſteps proceed,
In deep attention hear the voice of truth;
Thoſe leſſons of the dead the living need,
Let death give light to life, and age to youth.
Lo! in this tomb of time, this cavern deep,
For many an age all free from tyrant woes,
With every ſenſe, and every thought aſleep,
My ſoul and body lie in long repoſe.
A ſleep divine, which wakes from ſordid dreams,
A peace, which ſmiles among the frowns of ſtrife,
At riches, grandeur, the vile courtier's themes,
For ſure 'tis death to live in ſuch a life.
Known for the powers of ſong, but ah! far more
The ſport of anguiſh, for the fame of woe;
A ſhadow of the bard on Tagus ſhore,
Born where the ſtreams of Manzanares flow.
I liv'd, I ſung, but now the hermit's choice
Has chang'd the poet's name, and check'd his ſong;
Mute to the ſtrains of glory is my voice,
And dead to love, to heaven my themes belong.

ODE, written after various Pedeſtrian Excurſions in Scotland.

To Dr. ANDERSON.

By G. DYER.

WHERE is the king of ſongs* ?—He ſleeps in death!
No more around him preſs the warrior-throng;
He rolls no more the death-denouncing ſong!
Calm'd is the ſtorm of war, and ſtill the Poet's breath!
Low Oſſian lies!—But now, near Caron's† ſtream,
Reſounds in fancy's ear his mournful lyre;
And oft, where Clylha's winding waters gleam,
Shall Pilgrim Poets glow with kindred fire.
Sunk are Valclylha's walls, and ſhatter'd low
The fort high-beatling, germ of Roman pride;
Sleeps too Fingal, and ſleeps th' Imperial foe‡,
Each in his narrow dwelling doom'd to hide;
Sunk is the poet's eye—but ſhines his name,
As, 'mid obſtructing clouds, ſtill gleams the ſolar flame!
Where now Dunbar?—The bard has run his race;
But glitters ſtill the golden verge on high;
Nor ſhall the thunder-ſtorm that ſweeps the ſky,
Nor lightning's flaſh, the ſplendid orb deface.
Dunkeld, no more the heav'n-directed chaunt
Within thy ſainted wall may ſound again:
But thou, as once the muſe's fav'rite haunt,
Shall live in Douglas' ſweet Virgilian ſtrain,
While Time devours the caſtle's lowering wall,
And roofleſs abbeys pine, low tottering to their fall!
Oh, Tweed! ſay, does thy rolling ſtream betide
The patriot's ardour, or the bigot's rage;
In union doſt thou diſtant friends engage;
Or flow, a bound'ry river, to divide?
If love direct, glide on, thou gen'rous ſtream:
Thy Banks I kiſs, oh, Tweed—and hail thee 'Friend!'
But, while thy waters ſerpent winding gleam,
Should guilt or treach'ry on thy courſe attend,
Thy banks diſdainful would I move along,
Tho' ev'ry bard that ſings ſhould raiſe thee in his ſong!
But no, my friend:—I read thy candid page§,
And trace the footſteps of a gen'rous mind:
Be mine, with chaplets Scotian brows to bind,
While England's bards thy ſtudious hours engage.
The highland nymph ſhall melt with England's lay,
And England's ear be charm'd with Scotia's ſong!
Tho' rude the language, yet to theme ſo gay
The ſofter powers of melody belong.
Still, Ramſay, ſhall thy 'Gentle Shepherd' pleaſe;
Still, Burns, thy ruſtic mirths and am'rous minſtrelſies!
Oh, may I view again with raviſh'd ſight,
As when with thee, my Anderſon, I ſtray'd,
And all the wonder-varying ſcene ſurvey'd—
Sea, hill, and city fair, from Calton's height;
And hear (for Scotia's Rhythme, ah, ſoon ſhall fail!)
Some Ednam bard‖ awake the trembling ſtring,
Some tuneful youth of charming Tiviotdale,
Some Kelſo ſongſtreſs love's dear raptures ſing!
Language may change, but ſong ſhall never die,
'Till beauty fail to charm—'till love forget to ſigh.

* A name applied to Oſſian, the ſon of Fingal, in the Poems aſcribed to him, as tranſlated by Macpherſon.

† Caron or Carun, a ſmall river in Sterlingſhire, in the neighbourhood of Agricola's Wall.

‡ The Roman Emperor.

§ Editor of 'The Engliſh Poets.'

‖ The Author of the Seaſons was born at Ednam.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A familiar Epiſtle to a Friend in the Country, requeſting the Author to borrow him a few Hundreds from ſome advertiſing Negociator, or Friend.

Ab uno diſce omnes. VIRG.

HAPPY, dear Frank, could I obey,
And meet your wiſhes, in the way
Your letter points—but to be plain,
Experience ſhows it is in vain;
For let them promiſe what they will,
They ſeldom have the caſh, or will,
To do the thing they advertiſe,
But fill you with amuſing lies:
Unleſs indeed you are content,
To yield them profits—cent. per cent.
And as for friends—e'en they you'll find,
To ſelf and uſury inclin'd:
In proof, peruſe the following rhymes,
They'll ſuit, you'll find, the modern times.
The man you know—they ſay a plumb—
Tho' I believe—not half the ſum.
With him I liv'd (as neighbour ſhould)
Ready to do what's kind and good:
But Fortune, (fickle in her way)
Sent me a dun, I could not pay;
So, to my *worthy* neighb'ring friend
I went, not doubting he would lend;
But, to my wonder and ſurpriſe,
He flat denied me the ſupplies;
And ſaid, 'Why, ſurely you're in joke,
And mean this trial, as a cloak,
To try me, if I'm ſuch an elf,
To love my neighbour—*as myſelf*.'
Then why profeſs—cried I, in turn?
'Be patient, ſir—and you ſhall learn—
When firſt ſuch language I profeſt,
I thought you rich as Clive at leaſt;
But now I find you want a loan,
It makes me change my former tone:
For I'm you know, a man in trade,
Whence all my fortune I have made;
And were it ever known on 'Change,
(The world would think it wond'rous ſtrange)
That I, a man in years, ſhould lend,
My money, to a lord, or friend,
Which heaven knows—I ne'er intend:
But, if the preſent loan you want
Can be ſecur'd by deed, or grant
Of one annuity or two,
I'll try, *my friend*, what I can do.—
Or if a banker here in town,
Whoſe name and character is known,
Will join you in a bond or note,
I'll give the thing a ſecond thought,
And may to iſſue ſoon be brought.'
I thank you, ſir—but curſe your pelf,
Your love, your friendſhip, and yourſelf;
And hope in future we ſhall be,
Tho' near—as diſtant—as Goree.
Thus, Frank, you ſee—how this world goes—
How int'reſt governs friends and foes—
And whatſoe'er man's proffer'd will is,
Learn, with me—*non creditus illis* *.
But on yourſelf alone depend—
For there you'll find—your only friend.

W—tt—n Place, Surry, Oct. 1800. V——.

ODE TO FORTITUDE.

A THOUGHT from SENECA.

By a YOUNG LADY not SIXTEEN.

VAIN fears, and idle doubts, avaunt!
Unjuſt ſuſpicions, falſe alarms;
Deluſive hope, that ſmiles and cheats,
And ſubtle pleaſure's dangerous charms.
When Virtue calls, and points the way,
'Tis mad, 'tis impious to delay.

Not all the force of all mankind,
His ſtedfaſt ſoul can ever bend,
Who owns fair Virtue for his guide,
Who claims her as his conſtant friend;
He ſmiles at all the powers of man,
Secure on Virtue's ſolid plan.

In vain Ambition all her arts,
Her toys, her tinſel charms diſplays;
In vain ſeducing wealth conſpires
To brighten the deluſive blaze;
The wiſe and good he loves alone,
Nor dreads the deſpot on his throne.

Not the deep groans, the racking pains,
That round the couch of ſickneſs wait;
Not the ſharp ſting of cold neglect,
The bitter taunt of cauſeleſs hate;
Nor pining ſorrow's weighty ſtroke,
Or Poverty's afflicting yoke.

Though all the planets from their orbs,
Were rent, in dread confuſion hurl'd;
Unmov'd, amid the wild uproar,
Unmov'd, 'amid a falling world;'
To heaven he lifts his candid eye,
Secure in his integrity.

Secure, that he whoſe power upholds,
The vaſt immenſity of things;
Whoſe wiſdom rules the ſubject globe,
And order from diſorder brings,
Will guard him through the dread career,
And wipe away each falling tear.

* Virgil.

THEATRE.

ON Tuesday, October 21, a new entertainment, called WILMORE CASTLE, was performed, for the first time, at Drury-lane theatre. The characters were as follows:

General Wilmore, Mr. Dowton; Mr. Wilmore, Mr. Maddocks; Charles Harley, Mr. Kelly; Harry Wilmore, Mr. Sedgwick; alderman Marrowfat, Mr. R. Palmer; Smart, Mr. Banniſter junior; Tunbelly, Mr. Suett.—Miſs Margery Wilmore, Mrs. Sparks; Clarinda Wilmore, Miſs Stephens; Harriet Harley, Miſs De Camp; Miſs Marrowfat, Miſs Tidſwell; Houſemaid, Mrs. Scott.

The buſineſs of the piece is engrafted upon the following ſtory:

Mr. Wilmore, a reſpectable London merchant, determines, from an object of parliamentary intereſt, to wed his ſon and daughter with alderman Marrowfat and ſiſter. This he appears reſolved to accompliſh, however militating with his children's inclinations. Diſcovering that the latter were on the point of marrying a Mr. Harley and ſiſter, Wilmore diſpatches his ſon and daughter to Wilmore Caſtle, the country reſidence of his brother, general Wilmore—with an injunction to him to confine them till his arrival in the country with the Marrowfats.—The Harley's purſue their lovers, and get by ſtratagem into the caſtle, under a fictitious name. Interviews between the young people take place—and who ultimately effect, by a ſpecial licence they had previouſly obtained in town, their marriage in the Caſtle Chapel, juſt at the moment almoſt that Wilmore arrived with the alderman, &c. This denouement was actually accompliſhed from the alderman's ſtaying to dine in the vicinity of Wilmore Caſtle.

The piece was received throughout, in ſeveral places with applauſe; and without any diſapprobation. At the end, however, a conſiderable oppoſition appeared, and it was ſome time before Mr. Banniſter could be heard in giving it out for a ſecond repreſentation.

The following is a ſpecimen of the ſongs.

SONG—Mr. KELLY.

To ſoften life's cares—to ſoothe ſorrow's pain,
And pleaſure ecſtatic impart,
Kind heaven ordain'd bright beauty ſhould reign,
Sweet ſolace; the charm of man's heart:
Our warmeſt affections proud to receive—
Our conſtant attention to ſhare—
When beauty's oppreſs'd, what man will not brave
Ev'ry danger to reſcue the fair!

Philoſophers boaſt attractions of mind,
Illum'd by ſcience and art—
The pride of my ſtrain—a theme more refin'd—
Are charms that enrapture the heart:
Such powers the ſex ſince heaven thus gave
To bleſs us, and lighten our care—
When beauty's oppreſs'd, what man will not brave
Ev'ry danger to reſcue the fair!

COPY *of the* PRELIMINARY CONVENTION *between the* COURTS *of* Copenhagen *and* London.

THEIR Daniſh and Britannic majeſties, animated with an equal deſire of preventing, by a preliminary and amicable agreement, the conſequences that might ariſe from the miſunderſtanding which has taken place between them, in conſequence of the rencontre between the Daniſh frigate, the Freija, and ſome Engliſh ſhips of war, as well as of reeſtabliſhing to their full extent the relations of friendſhip and confidence by which they have, for a long time, been united, have for this purpoſe named and conſtituted for their plenipotentiaries, on the part of his Daniſh majeſty, the count de Bernſtorff, his chamberlain, and ſecretary of ſtate for foreign affairs; and on the part of his Britannic majeſty, lord Whitworth, knight of the moſt noble order of the Bath; who, after communicating to each other their full and reſpective powers, have agreed to the following articles:

Art. I. The queſtion of right reſpecting the viſiting neutral veſſels without convoy, ſhall be poſtponed to future diſcuſſion.

II. The Daniſh frigate the Freija, and the veſſels found under her convoy, ſhall be immediately releaſed; and the ſaid frigate ſhall be ſupplied in the ports of his Britannic majeſty with every thing of which ſhe may be in want for her repairs,

according to the eſtabliſhed uſage of allied and friendly powers.

III. In order to prevent the renewal of differences of the ſame nature by ſimilar rencontres, his Daniſh majeſty will ſuſpend his convoys until a definitive convention ſhall have been effected by further explanations on the ſame ſubject.

IV. Were it, however, to happen that rencontres of the ſame kind ſhould take place before the inſtructions intended to prevent them can be effective, it is in that caſe provided, that they ſhall not give riſe to any miſunderſtanding; and the manner of ſettling their reſults ſhall be conſidered as comprehended in the ſubſtance of the preſent convention.

V. This convention ſhall be ratified in three weeks from the preſent date, or earlier if poſſible.

In faith of which, we, the under-ſigned plenipotentiaries of their Daniſh and Britannic majeſties, have ſigned in their names, and by virtue of our full powers, the preſent convention, and have affixed to it the ſeal of our arms.

Done at Copenhagen, Aug. 29, 1800.

(Signed)

C. BERNSTORFF, (L. S.) WHITWORTH. (L. S.)

SURRENDER OF MALTA.

Downing-ſtreet, October 11.

A DISPATCH, of which the following is a copy, has been this day received by the right hon. Henry Dundas, from major-general Pigot, commanding his majeſty's troops in the iſland of Malta.

Sir, Malta, Sept. 6.

CONCEIVING that it may be of the utmoſt conſequence that his majeſty's miniſters ſhould be acquainted, as ſoon as poſſible, with the ſurrender of the important fortreſs of La Valette, I have deſired Mr. Paget to diſpatch a meſſenger to England, with a copy of my letter to general ſir Ralph Abercromby on the ſubject, and the articles of capitulation, which are herewith ſent you.

We yeſterday took poſſeſſion of ſome of the works, and our ſhips entered the harbour, and I am in hopes the whole will be evacuated by the enemy to-morrow, except the iſland of Manuel, where, agreeable to capitulation, ſuch are to remain as cannot be immediately ſent to France for want of ſhips to take them.

I have the honour to be, &c.

H. PIGOT, Major-general.

To the right hon. Henry Dundas, &c.

Sir, Malta, Sept. 5.

I HAVE great ſatisfaction in acquainting you with the ſurrender of the fortreſs of La Valette, with all its dependencies, after ſuſtaining a blockade of two years. The capitulation has been ſigned this day.

I had every reaſon to ſuppoſe that this moſt formidable fortreſs was likely ſoon to fall, from the circumſtance of the two French frigates, La Juſtice and La Diane, going out of the harbour a few nights ago; one of which, La Diane, by the vigilance of the blockading ſquadron, was ſoon captured, and there are ſtill ſome hopes that the other may have ſhared the ſame fate.

Judging of how much conſequence it may be that you ſhould have the earlieſt intimation of this important capture, I have delayed, till another opportunity, ſending returns of the ſtores, &c. found in the place, which could not yet be made up.

During the ſhort time you were here, you muſt have been ſenſible of the great exertions which brigadier general Graham muſt have made with the limited force he had, previous to my arrival with a reinforcement; he has ever ſince continued theſe exertions; and I conſider that the ſurrender of the place has been accelerated by the deciſion of his conduct, in preventing any more inhabitants from coming out of the fortreſs a ſhort time before I came here. He was ſent to negociate the terms of capitulation with general Vaubois, and I am much indebted to him for his aſſiſtance in that buſineſs.

I am happy to ſay, that I have experienced every ſupport from brigadier general Moncrieff, and the officers of the Britiſh and allied troops, whoſe conduct in every reſpect has been moſt exemplary. The ſervice of the engineer department, under captain Gordon, has been carried on with great zeal and perſeverance.

I think it right to mention to you, that lieutenant Vivion, of the royal artillery, the aſſiſtant quarter maſter general, has been of conſiderable ſervice. He was landed here with his party from the Strombolo bomb at the commencement of the blockade; and for a long time did duty with theſe few men without any other Britiſh or regular troops of any deſcription.

I have great pleaſure in acknowledging the conſtant and ready aſſiſtance and co-

operation I have received from captain Ball, of his majeſty's ſhip the Alexander, who has been employed on ſhore during the greater part of the blockade:—his name and ſervices are already well known to his majeſty's miniſters; and I am ſure I need not ſay more than that thoſe he has performed here do credit to his former character.

I herewith tranſmit you the terms of the capitulation.

I have derived great aſſiſtance from my aide-de-camp, captain Dalrymple, who has for ſome time been doing duty as aſſiſtant adjutant-general.

I have the honour to be, &c.

H. PIGGT, Major-general.

General ſir Ralph Abercrombie, K. B. &c.

[Here follow the articles of capitulation.]

Admiralty-office, October 11.

Copy of a Letter from Captain George Martin, of his Majeſty's ſhip Northumberland, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated off St. Paul's, the 5th of September.

Sir,

As my lord Keith is now at Mahon, and it may be ſome time before he has an opportunity of communicating with their lordſhips, I have the honour to incloſe a copy of my letter to his lordſhip, giving an account of the ſurrender of the French garriſon of La Valette, and one of the 29th of Auguſt, acquainting him of the capture of La Diane French frigate.

I am, ſir, &c.

GEORGE MARTIN.

Northumberland, off Malta, Sept. 5.

My Lord,

I HAVE the honour to acquaint you, that the French garriſon of La Valette ſurrendered yeſterday to the allied forces ſerving at Malta, and to incloſe the copy of the articles of capitulation.

I have not yet been able to obtain an account of the ordnance and ſtores in the garriſon; the moment it can be procured, I will tranſmit it to your lordſhip.

I incloſe a liſt of the ſhips and veſſels found in the harbour.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) GEORGE MARTIN.

Right hon. Lord Keith.

A Liſt of Veſſels found in the Harbour of La Valette, when the Place capitulated.

L'Atenian Malteſe ſhip of 64 guns, in good condition. Le Dego Malteſe ſhip of 64 guns, not in a ſtate to proceed to ſea. La Cartagenoiſe Malteſe frigate, not in a ſtate to proceed to ſea. Two merchant ſhips wanting repair. One brig, fit for ſea. One zebeck and two other ſmall veſſels. Five or ſix gun-boats not fit for ſervice.

Northumberland off St. Paul's, Aug. 29.

My Lord,

I HAVE the honour to acquaint you, that the frigates La Juſtice and La Diane, ſailed from the harbour of La Valette, on the night of the 24th, and were immediately purſued by his majeſty's ſhips off that port; and that the latter, after a chaſe of ſome hours, and a running fight with the Succeſs, ſtruck to that ſhip, the Genereux, and Northumberland. La Juſtice, I am ſorry to add, eſcaped under cover of the night, and has not ſince been heard of.

La Diane mounts forty-guns, eighteen and nine-pounders, but had only one hundred and fourteen men on board, having left the remainder to aſſiſt in the defence of the garriſon.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) GEORGE MARTIN.

Right hon. Lord Keith.

The following are the REASONS for entering into the CAPITULATION.

Malta, September 2.

THE generals, the commanding officers by land and ſea, the commiſſaries of war, and of the marine, the commandants of the forts, and the officers of all ranks who command the detachments of the different corps, having been convoked by the general of diviſion, Vaubois, commander in chief, in the iſland of Malta and Goza, to hold a council of war, and being aſſembled at the national palace of the city of Malta on the weſt ſide:

Having heard the report of general Vaubois, from which it appears that the magazines of ſubſiſtence of this place have been entirely exhauſted for more than a month; that the magazines of drinkables are in the ſame ſtate, and that the bread, the only food which remains to ſupport the garriſon and the population, will be completely finiſhed by the 22d of this month. The council conſidering

That the garriſon of Malta having been reduced to a ration of one-third for the laſt two years, has fulfilled with honour the duty which was impoſed upon it, of preſerving this place to the republic till the laſt extremity; that after having repelled all the attacks the enemy has made upon it, it has by its fortitude and its energy obliged the enemy to perſevere in a ſtrict

blockade, which does not permit us to hope for any ſuccours from without:

That the forces which the enemy employ to ſecure the blockade both by land and ſea do not afford the brave garriſon of Malta any opportunity of ſupplying themſelves by their courage or devotion, in a country naturally barren and full of fortifications, which nature and art have multiplied to confine us in our fortifications; that beſides, every enterpriſe for that purpoſe would be unſucceſsful, from the precautions the enemy has taken, according to the report of the deſerters, to keep their corn in their ſhips:

That we cannot, without riſking the exiſtence of 12,000 men, of which the population conſiſts, and of the garriſon of this place, defer longer to enter into a parley with the enemy, for the purpoſe of obtaining an honourable capitulation, and ſuch a one as is due to the brave ſoldiers, who have ſo long ſuffered for their country:

That the marine has partaken with honour of the labour and privations of the garriſon; and that it has fought, by ſending away the two frigates, the Juſtice and the Diana, to diminiſh the loſſes the republic will ſuffer in theſe parts.

That the labours of war and thoſe of humanity ſufficiently authoriſe the general, commandant of this place, to enter into a negociation with the enemy,

Has reſolved, that general Vaubois ſhall on the 4th of this month, demand a parley of the Engliſh commander, to propoſe a capitulation; and that rear admiral Villeneuvre ſhall join to ſtipulate in favour of the marines, to the end that they may have the ſame advantages as ſhall be granted to the garriſon.

Here follow the ſignatures.

(A true copy) DOT, Commiſ. of War.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

[From the London Gazettes.]

Copy of a Letter from Vice-admiral Lord Keith, Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's Ships and Veſſels in the Mediterranean, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated Foudroyant, Gibraltar Bay, the 15th of September.

Sir,

MY letter of the 11th inſtant, will have acquainted their lordſhips of my having formed the reſolution of attempting an enterpriſe againſt two armed veſſels, reported to be receiving ſtores in the roads of Barcelona for the relief of Malta. I have now the ſatisfaction of informing you, that this ſervice has been very judiciouſly arranged by captain Louis, of the Minotaur, and moſt gallantly and ſucceſsfully executed by captain Hillyer, of the Niger, and lieutenant Scomberg of the Minotaur, in the boats of theſe ſhips, as will appear by the report made to me thereon by capt. Louis, a copy of which is herewith incloſed. I have no doubt that their lordſhips will juſtly appreciate the merits of the officers by whom this gallant and enterpriſing ſervice has been performed.

I have the honour to be, &c.

KEITH.

My Lord, Minotaur, Sept. 6.

Knowing how anxious and deſirous your lordſhip was, as well as the ſervice to my country, by cutting out or deſtroying the two corvettes lying in Barcelona Road, mentioned in your lordſhip's orders to captain Oliver; and, in order to check the two ſhips falling upon this intended ſecret expedition, induced me to perſevere in the following attempt.

On the evening of the 3d inſtant, after having delivered captain Hillyer, of the Niger, his orders to join your lordſhip, a breeze ſprung up from the weſtward, with every appearance of a cloſe night. I again called him on board, with the ſignal at the ſame time to prepare boats. Captain Hillyer and lieutenant Schomberg volunteered the ſervice, aſſiſted by lieutenants Warrand, Lowry, lieutenant Healy, of the Niger, Mr. Reid, maſter, and lieutenant Jewell, of the marines. The boats left the Minotaur about eight o'clock in the evening. The firing began from all quarters near nine: about ten o'clock I had the pleaſing ſatisfaction to ſee two ſhips dropping out of the road under a heavy fire from the ſhips, four ſtrong batteries, ten gun-boats, two ſchooners, with two forty-two-pounders each—the fort of Mount Joui the ſame time throwing ſhells. The Minotaur and Niger were well placed in good ſeaſon to cover the party. The ſervice was performed throughout with an enterpriſing ſpirit, good conduct, and in a gallant ſtile. The loſs, which I ſhall inform your lordſhip, of killed and wounded, fell principally upon two boats, not great, when compared to the ſituation the

number of boats and ſo many men were placed in for a conſiderable time. The ſhips about eleven o'clock were perfectly clear from the fire of the enemy's batteries and gun-boats, the men of war checking the movements of the latter: the ſhips captured, named Conception, alias Eſmiralda, and La Paz, about 400 tons, each mounting twenty-two braſs guns, twelve and nine-pounders, laden with proviſions and ſtores, &c. ſuppoſed for Batavia, and on Dutch account: they were to have taken three hundred troops of the regiment of Batavian Swiſs on board from the iſland of Majorca. I found ſeveral Dutch officers on board the Eſmiralda. The officers and ſeveral of the men of La Paz, during the action, quitted her in boats. La Paz is a very fine ſhip, quite new, never at ſea before, ſails remarkably well, and I make no doubt your lordſhip will find her in all reſpects calculated for his majeſty's ſervice; the Eſmiralda is alſo a very fine ſhip. I beg leave ſtrongly to recommend to your lordſhip's notice captain Hillyer and lieutenant Scomberg; their ſervices upon this occaſion deſerve the firſt attention and higheſt praiſe; at the ſame time I cannot paſs without notice the general good conduct of every officer and man ſerving under my command.

I herewith ſend the liſt of killed and wounded. I have the honour to be, &c.

THOMAS LOUIS.

Vice admiral lord Keith, commander in chief, &c.

Liſt of killed and wounded.

Minotaur.—Mr. Reid, maſter, ſlightly wounded.

Niger.—Two ſeamen, killed; four ſeamen and one marine, (ſince dead) wounded.

Killed and wounded on Board of the Enemy's Ships.

La Pas.—One ſeaman, killed; four ſeamen, wounded.

Eſmiralda.—Two ſeamen, killed; 17 ſeamen, wounded.

(Signed) THOMAS LOUIS.

Copy of a Letter from William Ricketts, Eſq. Commander of his Majeſty's ſloop El Corſo, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated Trieſte, September 14.

Sir,

I HEREWITH incloſe you a copy of a letter to the right hon. lord Keith, K. B. vice-admiral of the red, and commander in chief of his majeſty's ſhips and veſſels in the Mediterranean. I am, ſir, &c.

W. RICKETTS.

El Corſo, Ancona, Aug. 28.

My Lord,

IN compliance with your order to deſtroy the veſſels in the harbour, and make a proper example of the town of Ceſenatico, I proceeded with his majeſty's cutter the Pigmy off that port; but finding it impoſſible to get within grape ſhot of the Mole, was under the neceſſity of deferring the attempt till the night of the 26th, when the boats of both veſſels under the order of lieutenant Yeo, firſt of El Corſo, proceeded to Ceſenatico, and ſoon after daylight I perceived them in poſſeſſion of the town, ſucceſsfully maintaining a poſition againſt ſome French troops in the neighbourhood; but about eight obſerving a party of horſe in full ſpeed from Cervia, I judged it prudent to call them immediately on board, though not before we had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing that the gallantry of lieutenant Yeo, aided by Mr. Douglas, maſter of the Pigmy, had been crowned with the fulleſt ſucceſs; the veſſels and harbour at that time forming but one flame; and that the intent of this enterprize might not be loſt on the coaſt, I ſhortly afterward ſent in the attached note. I have the honour likewiſe to incloſe the report of lieutenant Yeo, and remain, &c.

(Signed) W. RICKETTS.

To the Inhabitants af Ceſenatico.

The treachery of your municipality in cauſing to be arreſted an officer with diſpatches, has been long known to the Britiſh admiral in theſe ſeas.—That municipality may now ſadly know that the ſeverity of judgment, long delayed, is always exemplary.—That the innocent ſuffer with the guilty, though much to be regretted, is the natural feature of war; and the more terrible infliction on this occaſion, the more ſtriking the example ſhould prove to ſurrounding municipalities.

(Signed) W. RICKETTS.

Report.—Of thirteen veſſels of different deſcriptions laying within the Mole of Ceſenatico, two were ſunk and eleven burnt, one of them deeply laden with copper, money, and bale goods; the harbour choaked by the wreck of four ſunk in the mouth of it; and both piers entirely conſumed.

(Signed) JOHN LUCAS YEO.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

September 28.

THIS day, at two o'clock, the lord mayor, ſix aldermen, and the city officers, took their ſeats upon the huſtings, when John Perring eſq. and Thomas Cadell, eſq. were called to take upon them the office of ſheriff, and were ſworn in accordingly, with the uſual ceremonies.

September 29. This day the lord mayor, fifteen aldermen, the two ſheriffs, and other city officers, came upon the huſtings, at one o'clock, for the purpoſe of electing a lord mayor for the year enſuing; when the names of the aldermen below the chair had been called over, Mr. Raine and Mr. Angell nominated the preſent lord mayor. The ſheriffs were of opinion that the election had fallen upon the latter and ſir William Staines. A poll, however, was immediately demanded for alderman Newman, and alderman Staines, and alſo for the lord mayor, which the ſheriffs granted. The ſheriffs went to the court of aldermen, and reported the proceedings; when they returned to commence the poll.

Mr. Thorpe took this opportunity to diſclaim on behalf of the lord mayor any attempt to be returned again. The nomination, and demand of a poll, were both made without his knowledge, and he had authority to ſay, againſt his conſent.

Mr. Powell moved the thanks of the common hall to the lord mayor, which were carried unanimouſly.

Mr. James Dixon moved the thanks to the late ſheriffs—carried unanimouſly.

At a quarter after three the poll commenced, and cloſed at four.

The ſame day, the lord mayor informed the livery, that a requiſition had been delivered to him by a large and reſpectable body of the livery, to call a common hall, for the purpoſe of petitioning the king to call the parliament together as ſpeedily as poſſible, to enter into ſome efficacious meaſures to reduce the preſent price of proviſions. His lordſhip therefore appointed Friday, October 2, to hold the ſaid common hall, at twelve.

October 2. Yeſterday afternoon the lord mayor, ſeveral aldermen, the two ſheriffs, and the late ſheriffs, with the city officers, went in ſtate to Weſtminſter-hall, in the city barge, with the courts of aſſiſtants of the clothworkers and ſtationers' companies, in their barges, up the Thames, and landed at Weſtminſter. About three, his lordſhip and the whole cavalcade came into the exchequer court, where they were received by baron Maziers. The lord mayor being paramount of the fee, ſtood covered. The recorder made his long harangue in praiſe of the late ſheriffs, and then proceeded to expatiate on the high characters of the preſent gentlemen. The baron ſhortly replied, that his majeſty could not have any objection to the choice of his faithful citizens of London.

John Perring, eſq. clothworker, and Thomas Cadell, eſq. ſtationer, were then ſworn into office. Thomas Perring, eſq. the head under-ſheriff, was alſo ſworn. Warrants of attorney were recorded, and then came the mirthful part of the ceremony, about which ſo many fables have been propagated; the truth being, that the ſheriffs have not the moſt diſtant ſhare in the buſineſs.

Uſher of the court.—'Senior alderman below the chair, come forth, and perform ſuit and ſervice for a certain manor and tenement, called the Moor, in com. Cheſter.'—Alderman Newman accordingly mounted the table, when the uſher preſented him with a bill-hook, himſelf holding a bundle, by the two ends, of white rods, with both hands: theſe the alderman cut in the middle with the hook.

Remembrancer.—'How many are there?'—Uſher.—'Twelve.'—Anſwer. 'A very good number.'

Then a hatchet was delivered to the alderman, and another bundle of ſticks was cut in like manner; but the alderman miſſed his aim, and cut his finger.

Uſher (again)—'Senior alderman come forth, and perform ſuit and ſervice for a certain tenement, called the Forge, without Temple-bar, in com. Middleſex.' A bag was ready upon the table, and the uſher aſſiſted the alderman in counting out ſix large horſe-ſhoes, and fifty-four very long horſe-nails.

Remembrancer.—'How many are there?'—Uſher.—'Six ſhoes and fifty-four nails.'—Anſwer.—'A very good number;' and accordingly they were regiſtered.

The ceremony being ended, the lord mayor, aldermen Boydell, Le Meſurier, Skinner, Curtis, Watſon, Newman, Staines, Eamer, Shaw, and Leighton, the ſheriffs, recorder, common ſerjeant, and the city officers, returned to ſtationer's

hall, where, with a great number of gentlemen of reſpectability, they partook of an elegant entertainment, provided at the expence of Mr. ſheriff Cadell.

October 3. This day a common hall was held, to take into conſideration the propriety of petitioning his majeſty to aſſemble the parliament, on account of the high price of proviſions.

At one o'clock the lord mayor appeared upon the huſtings, and opened the hall, by ſtating the buſineſs for which they were convened; at the ſame time deſiring that the livery would give a patient hearing to every gentleman who might offer himſelf to their notice. He truſted, that by holding that line of conduct, no unneceſſary interruptions would take place.

Mr. Thorne then came forward, and addreſſed the livery; he ſaid, that they were aſſembled for the purpoſe of taking into their conſideration the propriety of addreſſing his majeſty to convene parliament, that they might in their wiſdom apply ſome remedy to the preſent enormous grievance ariſing from the exorbitant price of all the neceſſary articles of life. It was a queſtion which intereſted their feelings as men, and was not connected with any political opinion whatever. That the poor laboured under ſevere calamity was not to be denied or doubted, and although he and thoſe to whom he addreſſed himſelf were enjoying many of the luxuries of life, yet if they were unmindful of the hard ſituation of their ſuffering fellow-creatures, they muſt have eradicated all principles of humanity from their breaſts. He was ſure they had not done ſo; but that they would every one of them gladly do all that they could to relieve the diſtreſſes of their fellow-creatures. With reſpect to the cauſe of the preſent high price of the neceſſaries of life, there had been various reaſons aſſigned by different perſons. Some thought it was entirely owing to the war; others ſuppoſed monopoly; others again from over-grown farmers; but whatever the real cauſe might be, they were not now called upon to inveſtigate: all that his motion would require was humbly to addreſs his majeſty to convene that natural council whoſe wiſdom could detect the evil, and whoſe virtue could apply the remedy. That the remedy was wanted could not be unknown, and he had himſelf received above a hundred letters from different parts of the country, which contained ſuch melancholy inſtances of deep diſtreſs, that wrung his heart in the peruſal; caſes where the unfortunate ſufferers had been driven to deſperation, to madneſs, and even to ſelf-murder. Mr. Thorne then related ſeveral inſtances, and concluded by moving, 'That an humble addreſs and petition be preſented to his majeſty, praying him to convene parliament, in order to take into their ſerious conſideration the preſent high price of proviſions, and to conſider ſome means of reducing the ſame.'

The queſtion was then put, and carried unanimouſly.

October 7. This day, at two o'clock, the lord mayor, ſheriffs, and aldermen, met at Guildhall, to make the return of the lord mayor elect.

When they came upon the huſtings, the recorder read the names of the three aldermen who had been propoſed for this important office.

At the final cloſe of the poll, the numbers ſtood thus:

For Sir William Staines	1372
Right Hon. Lord Mayor	1007
Ald. Newman	886

The two firſt gentlemen were therefore returned to the court of aldermen for their choice; but as the preſent lord-mayor had declined the honour intended by his friends, the election conſequently fell upon Sir William Staines, knight and alderman.

October 9. This day, at one o'clock, the lord-mayor, ſheriffs, aldermen, &c. appeared on the huſtings at Guildhall, when the common hall was opened with the cuſtomary formalities.

The lord-mayor then came forward, and ſtated, that he had taken the liberty of ſummoning a meeting of the livery upon the preſent occaſion, in order to explain to them the ſituation in which himſelf and the ſheriffs ſtood, in conſequence of the reſolutions voted at the common-hall held on the 3d of October. The ſheriffs had ſet off the next day to Weymouth, and diſcharged the duty impoſed on them with a zeal and alacrity that would be beſt evinced by reading a letter, dated London, Oct. 16, 1800, which he had received to the purport following, ſigned by the ſheriffs:

To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

My Lord,

In purſuance of the reſolutions agreed to at the common-hall of the city of London on Friday laſt, we proceeded to Weymouth, and having obtained an audience, we addreſſed the king, requeſting to know when he would be pleaſed to receive the petition of the lord mayor, aldermen, and livery of London, in common-hall aſſem-

bled. To which his majeſty was pleaſed to anſwer, 'You will acquaint the lord-mayor, aldermen, and livery of London, that I will receive their petition at the levee, on the 15th inſt. at St. James's.'

We then requeſted that the remembrancer might read the reſolutions of the common-hall, which he accordingly did; and his majeſty replied, 'I am ever ready to receive the addreſſes and petitions of my ſubjects, but I am the beſt judge where.'

The letter being read a ſecond time—

The lord-mayor ſaid, the object of this meeting was to receive, from the body of the citizens of London, ſuch further inſtructions upon this ſubject as the magnitude of the meaſure and the importance of the criſis demanded.

Mr. Thorn then came forward, and ſaid he was greatly concerned at being once more called upon to invite the livery to an aſſertion of their privileges. He expected a more pleaſing anſwer from the king, and was deeply diſappointed to find that, at a moment like the preſent, when every principle of charity, humanity, and benevolence, ought to be exerciſed, in endeavouring to remedy the diſtreſſes and ſoften the afflictions of the poor, that alone which beſt could manifeſt and put into effect ſuch means as muſt tend to ſuch deſirable ends, though not refuſed altogether, was, by his majeſty's anſwer, tranſmitted by the ſheriffs, not granted. When he laſt addreſſed his fellow-citizens on the ſorrows of the manufacturing poor, he ſtated caſes of ſevere diſtreſs; but ſince that day, there were proofs of afflicting caſes put into his hand, that the bare recital of would make our nature ſhudder and revolt. At this period, therefore, of deep calamity, he lamented that his majeſty refuſed to liſten to their petition on the throne, from whence only redreſs could be expected, but that he would receive it at a levee—at a Levee, where it might be conſidered as being preſented to a lord in waiting, a thing that rendered it doubtful whether the king ever received it or not. He then complimented the ſheriffs for their prompt alacrity, and proceeded to the ſubmitting the firſt reſolution.

Mr. Dixon ſaid, he was as much a friend to the rights and privileges of the city of London as any man in the hall, but he was determined, though he ſtood alone, to raiſe his hand againſt this reſolution—[Hiſſes.]—After a little pauſe he proceeded—He truſted to have a patient hearing.—The livery were then contending for a mere matter of form—for a punctilio. It was ſurely very immaterial how the object was attained, if it were accompliſhed; for his part he thought it was fully accompliſhed. His majeſty had graciouſly appointed to receive their addreſs and petition at a levee, and he had a right ſo to do.—[Here a number of voices cried out, no! no!]—He would have continued, but obſerving the ſenſe of the livery againſt him, contented himſelf by repeating, he for one would moſt certainly hold up his hand againſt this reſolution.

It was then put and carried with about five or ſix hands againſt it, among which was Mr. Dixon's.

The other reſolutions were then put and carried, and the hall diſſolved.

The following is a copy of the reſolutions and petition as ordered to be printed.

COMBE, MAYOR.

In a Meeting or Aſſembly of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Liverymen of the ſeveral Companies of the City of London, in Common Hall aſſembled, at the Guildhall of the ſaid City, on Thurſday the 9th Day of October, 1800.

RESOLVED, That the lord mayor, aldermen, and livery of London, in common hall aſſembled, have immemorially exerciſed the right and privilege of preſenting petitions to the king upon the throne, and ſuch right hath not been diſputed or denied, except under the corrupt and infamous adminiſtration of thoſe perſons, who were the authors and conductors of the cruel and unnatural war againſt our brethren in America.

Reſolved, That when a petition is preſented to the king upon the throne, the petitioners have the ſatisfaction of knowing their complaints are heard by his majeſty, by having their petition read to him in their preſence, and receiving an anſwer thereto, but when preſented at the Levee, they receive no anſwer, nor do they know that their petition is ever read by his majeſty, it being immediately delivered to the lord in waiting.

Reſolved, That the only reaſon aſſigned for not receiving their petitions in the accuſtomed manner on the throne, is contained in a letter from lord Hertford, dated April the 11th, 1775, addreſſed to John Wilkes, eſq. lord mayor of the city of London, wherein he ſtates, 'That the king has directed him to give notice, that for the future his majeſty will not receive on the throne any addreſs, remonſtrance, and petition, but from the body corporate of this city.'

Reſolved unanimouſly, That it appears to this common hall, that two addreſſes from the court of lieutenancy have ſince been received by his majeſty on his throne, the one on the 16th day of December, 1795, and the other on the 30th day of May, 1800, although the ſaid court of lieutenancy be not the body corporate of this city; they are therefore of opinion, that it would be highly derogatory to the lord mayor, aldermen, and livery of London, to preſent their addreſs in any other manner; and whoever adviſed his majeſty to perſiſt in refuſing to his faithful ſubjects free acceſs, in theſe times of peculiar difficulty and diſtreſs, is equally unworthy of his majeſty's confidence, and an enemy to the rights and privileges of the citizens of London.

Reſolved unanimouſly, That the ſheriffs, attended by Mr. Remembrancer, do wait on his majeſty with the foregoing reſolutions.

Reſolved unanimouſly, That the thanks of this common hall be given to the ſheriffs for their prompt and diligent attention to the reſolutions of the laſt common hall.

Reſolved unanimouſly, That the thanks of this common hall be given to the right hon. the lord mayor for his impartial conduct this day.

Reſolved, That the reſolutions of this common hall, together with the petition agreed to at the laſt common hall, be ſigned by the town-clerk, and publiſhed in the morning and evening papers;

Which petition is as follows:

To the King's moſt excellent Majeſty.

The humble Addreſs and Petition of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of the City of London, in Common Hall aſſembled.

Moſt gracious Sovereign,

WE, your majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the lord mayor, aldermen, and livery of the city of London, in common hall aſſembled, penetrated with compaſſion for the ſufferings of our fellow-creatures, by the preſent exorbitant price of every article of life, beg moſt humbly to lay their unhappy ſituation before your majeſty.

We deeply regret the ſtrong neceſſity of addreſſing your majeſty on this occaſion, but we feel ourſelves impelled by the long and ſevere ſufferings of your majeſty's poorer ſubjects, who, through extreme want, have been irritated to madneſs and deſpair: while the middle claſſes of ſociety are ſcarcely able to maintain their families with their wonted comfort and reſpectability.

The poor, hopeleſs of relief, and rendered furious by the inceſſant cries of their half-famiſhed children, join the tumultuous croud of their ſuffering brethren, and, in the tone of angry deſpondence, demand food at a reaſonable rate.

Think not, moſt gracious ſire, that we are diſpoſed to juſtify acts of tumult, or diſorder; but while we lament the exceſſes by which the public tranquillity has been diſturbed, and the rights of private property violated, we cannot forbear deploring the ſufferings of our fellow-creatures.

Exhauſted by ſolicitude and toil, faint and emaciated through want of food, thouſands of unhappy families exiſt under the torturing expectation of falling victims to mercileſs famine and extreme diſtreſs.

We therefore moſt humbly implore your majeſty to convene your parliament, to conſider of ſuch meaſures as they in their wiſdom may think moſt ſalutary, and effectual toward remedying thoſe grievances, which your people ſuffer, and to remove thoſe cauſes, which may in future produce the deſtructive evils, which the poorer claſſes of your majeſty's ſubjects cannot ſuſtain. And we will ever pray.

RIX.

On Tueſday the 14th, a court of common-council was held for the purpoſe of petitioning the king to aſſemble parliament, in order to conſider of ſome effectual means for reducing the preſent high prices of proviſions. Previous to which, the report of the Proviſion Committee was read, wherein it ſtated as their opinion, 'that the preſent practice of contracting with the ſeveral farmers for the whole produce of their dairies, inſtead of being brought periodically to market, was the cauſe of the preſent high price of butter, cheeſe, &c. inaſmuch as the markets were ſupplied in what proportions were moſt advantageous to the dealer, and perſons had not the opportunity of making their purchaſes as formerly, which called for legiſlative interference for the cure of the evil ſo juſtly complained of.'—After a long debate, the report was agreed to, and referred back to the ſaid committee to proceed further in their enquiry.

The immediate buſineſs of the meeting was then proceeded in, and it was unanimouſly agreed to preſent a dutiful addreſs and petition to his majeſty; which was forthwith prepared by a committee ap-

pointed for that purpoſe, and ordered to be preſented to the king upon the throne by the whole court of common council.

The ſheriffs were ordered to wait upon his majeſty, to know his pleaſure when he would receive the ſaid petition; and then the court broke up.

Thurſday the 16th, the lord-mayor, ſheriffs, ſix aldermen, and forty common councilmen, went in proceſſion from Guildhall to St. James'. At two o'clock the lord in waiting introduced his lordſhip and the corporation into the preſence chamber, where his majeſty, being ſeated on the throne, ſurrounded by the miniſters and other officers of ſtate, received the petition of the common-council, which, by order of the lord-mayor, was read by the recorder, as follows:

To the KING's moſt excellent MAJESTY.

The humble Addreſs and Petition of the Lord-mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common-council aſſembled.

Moſt Gracious Sovereign,

We, your majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the lord-mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, in common-council aſſembled, humbly approach your throne with deep concern, to repreſent that every claſs of your majeſty's ſubjects, but more eſpecially thoſe of the laborious and induſtrious poor, are now ſuffering extreme diſtreſs, ariſing from the exceſſive price of bread, and of every other neceſſary article of life.

Under circumſtances ſo trying, your majeſty may reſt aſſured that your faithful citizens of London, ſteady in their attachment to your majeſty's perſon and government, and in their confidence in that happy conſtitution under which we live, have diſcouraged, and will continue to diſcourage, every attempt to excite tumultuous and diſorderly proceedings, not only unjuſtifiable in themſelves, but directly tending to continue and to encreaſe the preſent calamity, and will, both by active exertion, and by example, do their utmoſt to encourage a ſtrict and uniform obedience to the laws, looking to the legiſlature, and to that only, under Divine Providence, for relief; and truſting in your majeſty's paternal regard for your people that its utmoſt energy will be exerted for that purpoſe.

We therefore humbly pray that your majeſty will be pleaſed ſpeedily to convene your parliament, that they may concert ſuch meaſures as they in their wiſdom ſhall judge moſt effectual to remove the ſufferings, and ſupply the want of your people, thereby preſerving to them the bleſſings they have long enjoyed under your majeſty's mild and gracious government.

Signed by order of the court,

WILLIAM RIX.

His majeſty, from the throne, made a very ſhort but gracious reply, as follows:

'I am always deſirous of recurring to the advice and aſſiſtance of my parliament on any public emergency; and, previous to receiving your petition, I had given directions for convening my parliament for the diſpatch of buſineſs.'

The lord-mayor, and other members of the corporation preſent, had the honour to kiſs his majeſty's hand.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

SEPTEMBER 30.

YESTERDAY the following priſoners, who had been capitally convicted during the September ſeſſions, were put to the bar, and received ſentence of death; John Price, John Robinſon, Abraham Bone, Chriſtian Steinbach, and William Rayner, for burglaries; Joſeph Thomas, and Thomas alias Spicer Chriſtmas, for ſheep ſtealing; William Pratt and Charles Silk, for highway robberies; Thomas Douglas Newman, for horſe-ſtealing; James Mackintoſh, for forgery; William Hatton, for feloniouſly firing a piſtol; Phœbe Tunſtall, for counterfeiting ſhillings and ſixpences; and Thomas Chalfont, for taking a bill out of a letter in the Poſt-office. After which the court was adjourned till this day. The ſeſſions being ended, the ſame were adjourned until Wedneſday the 29th of October next.

Whitehall, Sept. 24. In relieving the ſeveral volunteer corps and aſſociations from a future continuance of their preſent duty, the duke of Portland has the greateſt ſatisfaction in executing the commands he has received from the king, to return them his majeſty's particular thanks for the zeal and alacrity with which they have ſupported the civil power in ſuppreſſing the late riots and tumults in the metropolis.

Copy. (Signed) PORTLAND.

OCTOBER 1.

Foreign Letter-office, September 24.

The Hamburgh mail of this day, brings an extract from the Vienna court gazette of the 6th inſtant, in which the emperor,

after expreſſing his ſincere inclination and wiſh for peace, notifies his intention of putting himſelf at the head of the army on the Danube; the French having unexpectedly, and without any reaſonable cauſe, given notice of the ceſſation of the armiſtice.

The emperor is to be accompanied by his brother, the archduke John. According to ſome accounts, the archduke Charles will likewiſe repair to the army from Prague. The Hungarian inſurrection or levy has been ordered: a ſimilar levy, it is ſaid, will take place through all the hereditary ſtates.

A letter from Hanau, dated the 9th, ſays, the French are in full motion in our vicinity to recommence the war to-morrow.

The emperor left Vienna to go to the army on the 6th.—*Lond. Gaz.*

OCTOBER 4.

The ſeſſions were held at Clerkenwell, on Thurſday, Oct. 2, purſuant to adjournment, when John Herris, and two other priſoners were indicted for being active in abetting the late riots, and encouraging the mob to break the windows of Mr. Jones, a cheeſemonger, in Chiſwell-ſtreet. John Armſtrong and John Rea, officers of the Police-office, Worſhip-ſtreet, appeared as evidence againſt the priſoner; produced ſeveral large ſtones which had been thrown through Mr. Jones' windows, and ſaid that when they apprehended the priſoner, his hands were wet and covered with mud, as if he had been picking up the ſtones in the ſtreet: they repeatedly admoniſhed the priſoner to go home, but to no purpoſe—he only became more turbulent and refractory.

The council for the priſoner then called witneſſes to his character, among whom was a Mr. Allan, a clerk in the brewery where Herris had worked ſome time; and Mr. Kirby, the keeper of Newgate; they both concurred in repreſenting the priſoner as a man of correct behaviour, as far as they had occaſion to obſerve his conduct.

The chairman, after ſumming up the evidence, reminded the jury, that, as the priſoner was the firſt perſon who had come before them to be tried for inſtigating the late diſturbances in the metropolis, it behove them to hold out a ſevere example to deter thoſe who might in future be inclined to mix and intermeddle in ſuch criminal aſſociations.

The jury with very little heſitation found the priſoner guilty, but recommended him to the mercy of the court on account of the favourable teſtimony that had been borne to his former conduct.

The court in conſequence of this recommendation was ſatisfied with ſentencing the priſoner to ſix months impriſonment in Newgate.

OCTOBER 10.

On Monday laſt, at ſix in the morning, a dreadful fire broke out at Wapping, occaſioned by the boiling over of a pitch kettle, which was ſet on the fire in an upper ſail loft, adjoining the other premiſes of meſſrs. Tydy and Barbe. The tar, twine, hemp, &c. which were in it, caught fire inſtantly, and it was ſeen in a very few ſeconds, that it would be impoſſible to preſerve the other building. Every exertion was then directed to ſave the goods and furniture of that and the neighbouring houſes; and the greateſt alarm was excited by the knowledge that ſeveral barrels of gunpowder were ſtowed in Tydy's warehouſes: they were, however, all taken away from the neighbourhood, except three, which were rolled by miſtake to Mr. Culmer's, over the way; and there is every reaſon to apprehend that Mr. Culmer's ſon, who was ſeen in the top room of the houſe a minute before, and an apprentice, who was in the ſhop at the ſame time, were deſtroyed by the exploſion, as they have not been heard of ſince.

From Tydy's the fire extended to the Dundee Arms, and from thence to a pile of hoops, of from twenty to thirty feet high, which were ſtowed ready for exportation. It was now that the fire aſſumed a moſt awful and terrific appearance: the flames proceeding from ſo large a quantity of light wood, which admitted the air through every part, became more ſtrong and violent every moment, and changing with the variations of the wind, ſeemed to direct its fury ſometimes to one ſide and ſometimes to another. Meſſrs. Wilkinſon's pottery and houſe, adjoining the yard, were the firſt to feel their fatal effects; and, preſently after, a breeze from acroſs the river turned them directly againſt a wooden houſe on the oppoſite ſide of the way. This took fire in a few minutes, and communicated the flames to the large cooperage and timber-yards behind it. An immenſe number of ſtaves, caſks, hoops, &c. were conſumed, and the whole neighbourhood was in expectation of being completely demoliſhed. Several of meſſrs. Pickards ſtores and coopers ages were deſtroyed; and it is probable the whole would have ſhared the ſame fate,

if their large reſervoirs had not ſupplied the engines with water, which could not be procured from any other ſource, it being ebb-tide.

Meſſrs. James and co. coopers, ſuſtained alſo a conſiderable loſs, the greater part of their ſtock in the yard having been conſumed; but they prevented their outhouſes and ſheds from being much injured, by pulling down ſome of them, and ſo ſtopping the communication between the parts on fire, and their other ſtores.

On the north weſtern ſide it extended to Queen's-head-court, at the back of Red-lion-ſtreet, making a ſort of circuit round Curtis' cooperage. From Wilkinſon's, and the police-office, the flames had communicated to meſſrs. Curtis' dwelling-houſe, adjoining their brewery, when a ſudden ſhifting of the wind fortunately turned the flames to the eaſt and north, ſo that the brewery eſcaped; but they were blown from the windows of the dwelling houſe, quite acroſs the ſtreet into the cooperage yard, which was oppoſite; and as a great deal of wood, and ſome of the out houſes, were already on fire, it was thought proper to pull down all the ſheds, &c. by which the fire could communicate, and the wind ſetting ſtrong to the weſtward, no great damage was done there.

At the water-ſide every thing was deſtroyed from Curtis' brewhouſe to the Phœnix wharf, and a lighter which was aground at the back of the Dundee's arms was burnt to the water's edge.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, all communication appeared to be cut off between the fire and the ſurrounding buildings. As the darkneſs came on, the ſcene appeared more awful—the heaps of red hot bricks—the burning beams—and the piles of flaming wood, yielded a light ſufficient to impreſs the moſt ſerious ideas upon the minds of the ſpectators, already prepared by melancholy and afflicting reports.

Several of the active aſſiſtants have been bruiſed and injured.

OCTOBER 13.

On the 5th ult. at Dunſe, in Scotland, John Neſbit, at the very advanced age of 107. He was born in the pariſh of Oldhamſtocks, in the county of Eaſt Lothian, and entered early in life into the ſervice of the States-general, was preſent at the ſiege of Bergen-op-Zoom, in 1747, where he was ſeverely wounded by a bayonet being thruſt through his body, in conſequence of which he was ſoon afterward diſcharged. From that period until the day of his death he ſupported himſelf almoſt wholly by his own induſtry.

Lately died at Totbury, Ambroſe Bennett, aged 106 years and ten months. He had been a common ſoldier near ſixty years, and fought in many battles in the reigns of queen Ann, George II, and his preſent majeſty.

OCTOBER 15.

We are concerned to announce the loſs of the hon. Eaſt India company's ſhip the Queen, captain Milliken Craig. Being at anchor at Brazil, where ſhe touched in her outward-bound paſſage for refreſhments and water, the ſhip took fire, on the 14th of July, and ſhortly after blew up. The Queen was on her fifth voyage, and deſtined to Coaſt and China. She ſailed from Torbay, on the 3d of May laſt, in company with the ſhip Hugh Inglis, captain William Fairfax, and the Kent, captain Robert Rivington, the latter of which was fortunately near her at the time of the accident, and took on board part of the paſſengers and crew. Mr. Hardy, the purſer of the Queen, arrived in the Earl Gower from Liſbon, early on Sunday morning laſt, with an account of the dreadful cataſtrophe. Although every aſſiſtance was given to ſave the paſſengers and ſhip's company, yet we are ſorry to ſtate that a number of lives were loſt. It is ſaid that one gentleman, a writer for Madras, five cadets, and about eighty of the crew, periſhed. Capt. Craig, we hear, was left at Liſbon, with moſt of the officers of the Queen.

OCTOBER 18.

In conſequence of a private information received by Mr. juſtice Ford, that ſome foreigners, reſiding in Oxford-ſtreet, near Poland-ſtreet, profeſſed a knowledge of the occult ſcience, or, in plain terms, were fortune-tellers, Revett, one of the Bow-ſtreet officers, was ſent, on Wedneſday evening, to the place deſcribed. Having ſtated its buſineſs, he was uſhered up to the magic chamber in which the neceſſary apparatus, conſiſting of a very curious machine, called a *catophical*, and a tablet, on which was deſcribed a number of queſtions, to be reſolved by the machine, were arranged in due order. The queſtions were to be anſwered at the moderate price of one ſhilling each, and on being put, the perſon was directed to look into a barrel reſembling a large teleſcope, ſupported on a glaſs tube, affixed to a mahogany caſe, about three feet in length, one broad, and ſix inches deep, wherein, by the help of mirrors, the anſwer was ſhewn;

or, where the caſe required it, the figure of the perſon neceſſary appeared. This, to the ignorant, muſt have ſeemed perfect magic, though effected in a moſt ſimple manner, by moving figures and letters, which were worked, while the eye of the ſtranger was engaged to look into the barrel.

Revett having paid his ſhilling, and being literally promiſed as to a wife, returned to report the fact; on which, Mr. Ford iſſued his warrant for the apprehenſion of the parties practiſing this nefarious impoſition, and Townſend and Sayer, two other of the officers, were directed to accompany Revett, and alſo to have their future deſtiny told; no preſage or lucky omen gave notice of the approach of the officers of juſtice, and Sayer and Townſend having taken a peep into futurity, when the former was promiſed a beautiful, though unfaithful wife, and the latter a rich widow and one child, they produced a certain *ſcrall*, more potent in its operation than all the magic ſpells and dire incantations uſed by theſe ſorcerers (who certainly proved themſeves no conjurers) namely, the warrant, at which they appeared quite *planet ſtruck*; and under authority of which, the count Urboy, and his wife, together with the apparatus, were brought to Bow-ſtreet, in a coach, about ten o'clock at night, where they were examined before Mr. Ford, who did not have recourſe to any ſupernatural means to foretell what would ſhortly be their fate, but only conſulted a certain *Oracle*, called the *Statute* of the 17th of George II, by which all perſons pretending to the *craſty ſcience* are deemed rogues and vagabonds, liable to be committed, without bail or mainpriſe, to the houſe of correction for the place where the offence was done, and there, at the following ſeſſions, to be adjudged to a further impriſonment of ſix months, and hard labour; they were therefore ſent to Tothillfields Bridewell, in the dreary confines of which, they will have ſufficient leiſure to curſe their *unlucky ſtars*, and revile the laws of that country, from whoſe boſom they received ſuccour, and afterward, viper like, ſtung.

OCTOBER 20.

The parliament, which ſtands prorogued to the 11th of November, is, by proclamation, ſummoned to meet on that day for the diſpatch of buſineſs.

OCTOBER 17.

Margate, October 22.

A moſt tremendous ſtorm of wind came on about three this morning; and the dawn of day preſented a ſcene of devaſtation on the parade, without a parallel in the memory of the oldeſt inhabitant. The jutty for thirty yards, and all the ſhops, including the fiſhmonger's, watchmaker's, and Mantle's, the fruiterer, were beat down by a collier, who broke from her moorings in the harbour and was driven in by the hurricane. Soon after a heavy ſwell from the north waſhed away at leaſt half the parade, which ſtood about ſix feet above the ſurface of the water when at high tide.

The inhabitants on the other ſide of the parade were firſt alarmed by the fiſhermen, and when they got up, and ſaw no barrier between their houſes and the ſea, their apprehenſions increaſed, and ſentiments of horror took poſſeſſion of their minds, which were not calmed until the ſtorm abated.

SHIPS captured from the ENEMY.

LA Revanche, four guns, by the Phenix.

Eighty-four veſſels of different deſcription, captured by lord Keith's ſquadron in the Mediterranean.

La Rancune, 14 guns, by the Diamond.

Vivo Spaniſh brig, 14 guns by the Piſguard.

San Antonio, 10 guns, by the Flora.

La Mouche, 20 guns, and Del Carmo, one gun, by the La Minerve.

La Capricieuſe, ſix guns, and General Holtz, two guns, by the Termagant.

Three veſſels captured, and one burnt, by the Clyde.

BIRTHS.

RIGHT hon. lady Charles Somerſet, a ſon.

Lady of T. R. Salwey, eſq. a ſon.

Lady of John Bond, jun. eſq. a daughter.

Lady of the hon. John Thomas Capel, a daughter.

Lady of George Jerningham, eſq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ALEXANDER Crichton, M. D. to miſs Dodwell, only daughter of Edward Dodwell, eſq. of Weſt Moſeley, Surry.

Lord Folkeſtone, to lady Catherine Pelham Clinton, only daughter of counteſs dowager of Lincoln.

Sir Wharton Amcotts, bart. M. P. to miſs Amelia Campbell.

Hon. and Rev. lord Henry Fitzroy, third ſon of the duke of Grafton, to miſs Caroline Pigot, youngeſt daughter of the late admiral Pigot.

Archibald Elijah Impey, ſon of ſir Elijah Impey, to miſs Sarah Proby.

Hon. Mr. Stourton, at Lulworth caſtle, Dorſet, to miſs Catherine Weld.

Henry Woodgate, eſq. of the Temple, to miſs Box, of Preſton-houſe, Kent.

John Liſter Kaye, eſq. of Grange, Yorkſhire, to lady Amelia Grey, youngeſt daughter of the earl of Stamford and Warrington.

DEATHS.

DUKE of Saxe Cobourgh.

Lieutenant-colonel William Potts.

Henry Wigſtead, eſq. one of the magiſtrates for Middleſex.

Hon. miſs Aylmer, at Calcutta.

Dr. Ewart, phyſician general of his majeſty's forces in the Eaſt Indies.

Lady Hughes, widow of admiral ſir Edward Hughes.

John Carter Allen, eſq. admiral of the white.

George Downing, eſq. of Lincoln's-inn.

James Walwyn, eſq. M. P. for Hereford.

Cardinal De la Rochefoucault, archbiſhop of Rouen, aged 87.

Counteſs of Tyrconnel.

Mrs Croſby, relict of the late alderman Croſby.

Lady Douglas, relict of the late ſir Charles Douglas, bart. rear-admiral.

Joſeph Bland, eſq. of Mincing-lane.

William Raikes, eſq. of Woodford.

Hon. Eliſabeth Wandesford.

John Hole, eſq. of Iſlington.

John Berney, eſq. of Braſon Aſh, Norfolk, aged 84.

William Auguſtus Howard, eſq. M. D.

Earl of Bellamont.

BANKRUPTS. From the GAZETTE.

SEPTEMBER 28.

T. SAMPSON, Beningholme-grange, Yorkſhire, dealer.

SEPTEMBER 30.

A. E. Ewin, Wheelock-cottage, in Cheſhire, grocer.

T. Grinham, Hartley-Wintney, Southampton, coach-maker.

J. Thompſon, and C. M'Adam, Liverpool, merchants.

OCTOBER 4.

J. Garner, Bermondſey Spa-road, Surry, woolcomber.

J. Parkinſon the younger, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, ſhopkeeper.

R. Powley, Hornſea, Yorkſhire, dealer.

OCTOBER 7.

N. Longbottom, Halifax, Yorkſhire, grocer.

R. Berridge, Old City-chambers, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, merchant.

W. Watſon, Oxford-ſtreet, ſilk-mercer.

G. Taylor, Marlborough, Wiltſhire, barge-owner.

J. Walton, Aſhton-under-line, Lancaſhire, cotton-ſpinner.

W. Farrant, Sheerneſs, butcher.

OCTOBER 11.

A. M'Kowl, Great Wild-ſtreet, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

W. Kilmiſter, Glouceſter, ſtonemaſon.

J. Taylor, Mortlake, Surry, coach-maſter.

S. Chapman, Norwich, liquor-merchant.

J. Vine, Holborn, linen-draper.

OCTOBER 14.

J. Bowley, Bow-ſtreet, Covent-garden, auctioneer.

J. Simmons, Birmingham, factor.

V. Vallet, Halliwell, Lancaſhire, chymiſt.

OCTOBER 18.

T. Jackſon, Shalford, in Eſſex, ſhopkeeper.

E. Edwards, Pevenſey, Suſſex, dealer.

M. Biſhop, Sherborne, in Dorſetſhire, baker.

W. Hamlin, Upper Cleveland-ſtreet, Marybone, victualler.

J. Sier, Weſt Cowes, Southampton, and W. Mitchell, Eaſt Cowes, ſhipbuilders.

J. Holt the younger, Manchester, ropemaker.

R. King, St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell, vintner.

S. M. Bathman, Turnwheel-lane, Cannon-ſtreet, merchant.

W. Greenall, Hardſhaw within Windle, Lancaſhire, chapman.

T. Glaſsbrook, Wigan, in Lancaſhire, ſhopkeeper.

OCTOBER 21.

R. Scudamore, Red Lion-ſtreet, Holborn, taylor.

J. Smith, and S. King, Newgate-ſtreet, woollen-drapers.

W. Reynolds, George-ſtreet, in Surry, butcher.

J. Pithethly, Wood-ſtreet, Cheapſide, druggiſt.

B. Winter, Long-acre, cabinet-maker.

J. Peleſſie, George-ſtreet, Portman-ſquare, trader.

OCTOBER 25.

T. Hine, Oxford, innholder.

J. Adamſon, Fore-ſtreet, Cripplegate, dealer in potatoes.

N. Morrell, Newton-upon-Ouſe, Yorkſhire, dealer.

P. Sainty, Brightlingſea, Eſſex, ſhipbuilder.

J. Moore, Camberwell, Surry, mariner.

J. Empſon, Fetter-lane, painter.

G. Pope, Coventry, butcher.

E. Watts, Malmſbury, Wilts, ſurgeon.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SMITH's Iconographia Scotica, with Lives, royal, 8vo, 1l 6s, boards.

Peacock's (Lucy) Chronological Abridgment of Univerſal Hiſtory, 12mo, 3s 6d.

Parkinſon's Hoſpital Pupil, 12mo, 4s.

Ripaud's Report on the Antiquities of Upper Egypt, 4to, and 8vo, 3s 6d each.

Gladwin's Inſtitutes of Emperor Akber, 2 vol. 8vo, 1l 4s, and 2 vol. 4to, 2l 10s.

Fletcher's Naval Guardian, 2 vol. 8vo, 16s.

Pearſon's (Miſs) Poems, 12mo, 5s, ſewed.

Wells' Diſcourſes, 2 vol. 8vo, 16s.

Hager's Picture of Palermo, 12mo, 4s 6d.

Nocturnal Viſit, 4 vol. 12mo, 1l 4s.

Contemplative Philoſopher, 2 vol. 12mo, 9s.

Gilpin's Sermons to a Country Congregation, vol. 2, 7s, boards.

Forbidden Apartments, 2 vol. 9s.

Miſtake, or Something beyond a Joke, 3 vol. 13s 6d.

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